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# THE CHICAGO LEDGER

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT CHICAGO, ILL., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

VOLUME XVI.—NUMBER 23. CHICAGO, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6, 1888—TWELVE PAGES. TERMS { ONE YEAR, One Dollar and Fifty Cents. SIX MONTHS, Eighty Cents.

### BIRTHDAY REFLECTION.

BY R. L. KIMBALL.

I'm fifty-two, and here I stand,
Amid life's busy, beating band;
The summer's sailed, 'tis now high noon,
My path now leads to realms of bliss soon.
My journey now is long, but more,
My eyes can not get natural sleep.
Ah, who can tell how soon I will end,
At sixty, or three-score and ten?
Father, help me to leave the past
And steer for Heaven and home at last.

I'm fifty-two! life seems a dream,
And yet its tears and smiles I've seen.
My youthful days, I see them now;
The plow of mirth was on my brow;
Life's burdens then I had not borne,
And winter was of terror shorn;
My sky was bright and clear and fair,
Along my path bloomed flowers rare;
But now I turn from all the past,
And steer for Heaven and home at last.

I'm fifty-two—but what of that?
This life hath strife with "tit for tat,"
And aching hearts and pain and sorrow,
And those just born who die to-morrow.
Then what is life, that we should cling
To worldly scenes and worldly things,
With such a purpose, will and aim,
When rest is found beyond its plain?
Father, help me to stand firm at the mast
And steer for Heaven and home at last.

I'm fifty-two! Ah, can it be,
So little left of earth for me?
That I so soon shall pass away
From friends and those that longer stay?
Shall walk in bliss the golden shore,
And greet the dear ones gone before?
Oh, may this be my final lot,
Then should I run and hurry not,
But ever stand firm at the mast,
And steer for Heaven and home at last.

I'm fifty-two! A few years more,
And I shall quit this earthly shore.
My work's not done, so with my might
I'll press right on before comes night.
My sun of life is fast declining,
Its golden tints on hilltops shining,
And mellow lines far in the west,
Bespeak the Christian's peaceful rest.
So now farewell to all the past,
To steer for Heaven and home at last.

I'm fifty-two! What of my life?
What have I done in this world's great strife?
Assisted by song, precept or prayer,
One soul to write its name up there?
How will the books I've written here
Read out when I in Court appear?
Why come these thoughts within this breast,
To rob my soul of ease and rest?
Is it to warn me, more and more,
To bind the sails and ply the oar?
If so, I'll stand hard by the mast,
And steer for Heaven, sweet home, at last.

"Hold! Do not fire! This man is my father!" cried Bertha.

## THE Gold Mine Clique.

### A Thrilling Detective Story.

BY W. F. MOTT.

Author of "A Midnight Tragedy," "The Crime of the Tunnel," "Phœnix, the Man from the Flames," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER I.

It was a dark stormy night, and the wind swept in fierce gusts through a deep canyon that pierced the mighty mountains of the San Juan region of Colorado.

Upon either side of this canyon, called Placer Gulch, where a small mining hamlet had sprung into existence as if by magic, the gigantic "Rockies" reared their heads heavenward, and far up the steep rugged heights among the bowlders and scrub pines rested a solitary cabin.

Within this lone mountain side cabin, on the night of which we are writing, a young girl, over whose head but seventeen summers had passed, and who was the only person in the little log hut, sat watching a clock on the rude mantel.

She maiden seemed to be waiting for some one, for occasionally she went to the window and looked out into the night.

Suddenly she started, bent her head in a listening attitude, and said to herself:

"He is coming! I hear his footsteps on the Rocky trail. Poor old father. What can have detained him so long I wonder?"

Then she opened the door, and the next moment an old gray-haired weather-beaten man, attired in the rough garb of the mines, staggered into the cabin.

"Father! father! what has happened?" cried the girl, and she uttered a terrified cry, for there was blood on the old man's face, and she saw he was wounded.

The old man uttered an agonized groan and sank down heavily upon the floor at his daughter's feet.

"The door! bar the door! they are coming. Quick, Bertha, quick!" gasped old Sam Earl, as he was familiarly called by everybody at "The Gulch."

Bertha sprang to the door again, and as she closed it she heard the sound of rapid footfalls on the flinty rocks of the trail leading to Placer Gulch, and she knew that her father's pursuers were close at hand.

A fierce threatening cry from the old miner's unseen foes came up from the mountain side as Bertha appeared in the door.

Trembling with fear she threw into its place a great oaken bar, which was the only fastening with which the door was provided.

Scarcely was this accomplished when there came a crash against the rude door, which threatened to demolish it.

The old miner's foes seemed determined to force an entrance.

Bertha had knelt beside her father as soon as she had fastened the door.

"Father, what does this mean? Who are your pursuers? Who are those men who have wounded you?" she cried.

There was no answer.

"Father!" she fairly shrieked, and there was an awful fear in her heart, and then she lifted his head and discovered that her dread fear was realized.

"Dead! Dead! My father is dead!" she cried, in frantic grief.

Her words were heard by the men outside the cabin, as they stood clustered about the door.

The old man's pursuers were three in number, and they were all masked.

"The old man is dead. Come, boys, we've no more work here, *the job is done*," said one of the men.

He spoke louder than he had intended, and Bertha Earl, the daughter of the murdered miner, heard his words, and she believed she recognized the speaker's voice.

"That is Cale Calvin's voice!" she exclaimed, and without thinking of the danger she might bring upon herself, she sprang to a little window in the front wall of the cabin, threw it open, and called out:

"I know you, Cale Calvin. You are my father's murderer!"

A harsh voice from the darkness outside the cabin uttered a grating oath, but there was no other answer, and Bertha heard the men at the door moving away. She listened until the sounds of the assassins' footsteps died away in the distance.

The men went down the mountain side in the direction of Placer Gulch.

The mining town in the gulch was two miles distant, and the lonely trail lay along yawning chasms and among great bowlders.

Bertha Earl was alone with her murdered father, and Placer Gulch was the nearest human habitation.

The miner's daughter was a brave girl, but now as she reflected for a few moments, while tears of grief streamed down her cheeks, she thought:

"It was foolish in me to tell Cale Calvin I knew him. I must go to the town and give the alarm, but I dread the journey through the darkness and storm."

Bertha feared that her father's assassins would anticipate that she would hasten to the hamlet in the gulch, and she surmised that they might ambush her on the way.

She comprehended now that she had unwittingly given the murders a powerful motive for seeking to accomplish her death.

"I am the only one who can direct suspicion to Cale Calvin. To save himself may he not seek to murder me?" she thought.

Bertha shuddered from head to foot.

These were lawless days in the remote San Juan region of Colorado, and the only protection for life and property in the vicinity was afforded by "the committee of public safety," so-called, though, in reality, the organization was simply a form of vigilance committee composed of citizens of Placer Gulch.

"Shall I wait till morning before attempting to traverse the dangerous mountain trail and reach the gulch?" she asked herself.

"No," was her mental answer.

She longed to avenge the murder of her father by bringing his slayers to justice, and she thought that, warned by the knowledge that she had recognized him, the villain, Cale Calvin, might escape before the dawn.

"I must go to the gulch to-night," resolved Bertha.

Then she turned to her father.

She knew he always carried a revolver, and she meant to take the weapon with her as a means of self-protection.

But a disappointment awaited her. Her father's pistol was not on his person, and there was no other weapon in the cabin.

"I must go unarmed, and trust in heaven to protect me," said Bertha.

But if her foes were watching the cabin she meant to deceive them.

There was a little door in the back of the cabin, near which a clump of bushes grew, extending to a great bowlder further away.

Leaving the light burning brightly Bertha crept out of the cabin through the rear door, crept through the bushes, gained the great bowlder, and making a detour, finally came out on the trail at some distance below the cabin.

In this way Bertha hoped to escape her father's murderers if they were lying in wait for her.

When she reached the trail, Bertha fled through the storm like a frightened deer.

The gale buffeted her slender form and the rain was dashing in her face but she heeded it not.

Meanwhile, as the three men hurried away from the cabin, after Bertha Earl had shouted that she had recognized one of them, they conversed among themselves.

"Here's a dead set back. The girl will bring the committee down on us," said one.

"And there'll be a hangin' bee if the committeemen put their hands on us," another remarked.

"No doubts about that, if the committee ever hears the girl's story," answered the man to whom the foregoing remarks were addressed.

He emphasized the last six word significantly.

"What do you mean, Calvin?" demanded the first speaker.

"That Bertha Earl must not tell that she recognized my voice to-night."

"What! You don't mean to——"

"Never mind what I mean. We'll part here. You two go on to the cabin in the gulch, and make it a point to drop in at the Empire saloon, and casually mention that I'm laid up with the rheumatism again."

"Ah, we understand."

"So I presume."

Those words were overheard by Bertha Earl, who, crouching behind a great bowlder, had come to a halt in order to listen to the conversation of the men.

"I didn't count on this," she muttered, "but I'll wager she'll make for the gulch, and I'll waylay her, and——"

He did not finish the sentence.

Some moments elapsed, and finally Calvin heard the miner's daughter's light footstep as she came along the trail.

Bertha had gained the path above the assassin's ambush.

Nearer and nearer she came to her foe.

When she was passing Calvin, he sprang forward and seized her.

Bertha uttered a scream of terror, and she struggled desperately to free herself.

The effort was in vain. She was powerless in the villain's grasp.

"Now then for old Wiggins' den," muttered Bertha's captor.

He stifled her cries, lifted her light form in his arms, and sped away through the darkness among the mountains.

He did not seem to be at fault regarding his course for a moment.

Calvin continued rapidly onward until he arrived at the mouth of a cavern in the side of a gloomy defile.

The cave entrance was closed by a rude door.

Reaching it, Calvin rapped, and cried:

"Open the door, Wiggins!"

"Hello! That's Cale Calvin's voice!" said a cracked voice from within.

"Yes. Let me in, and be quick about it."

"All right, Cale; all right."

The door was immediately opened, and Calvin entered with the miner's daughter.

Bertha was half-fainting, but when she heard the name Wiggins she shuddered, for she knew that it was whispered among the miners that the strange old recluse was a great criminal, who had years previously escaped from some Eastern prison and buried himself in this wild solitude.

Now he arose, and stole across the cave.

His moccasined feet did not give forth a sound, and he gained the door of the room in which Bertha had been placed, and opened it.

Bertha was at the door.

"Come, me girl you out," whispered Pete.

The miner's daughter and the Indian youth were friends.

Bertha had often met Indian Pete among the hills as she wandered in search of wild flowers, and she did what few other white persons did—treated the Indian boy kindly, and he now meant to show his gratitude.

"Make no noise; old man kill if see us," whispered the lad.

Then he led Bertha out into the main cabin, and they crept toward the door.

Just as Pete opened it, old Wiggins started up.

CHAPTER II.

As the old recluse started up, Indian Pete pushed Bertha through the outer door of the cave, and Wiggins did not see her.

"Run for your life," the lad whispered.

Bertha sped away.

There was but one thought in her mind, and that was to make her way to Placer Gulch.

Indian Pete closed the door.

"What's up? I thought I heard something," said Wiggins.

"So me. Somebody run on rocks," answered the Indian lad.

"Did you see any one?"

"No. Looked out, too dark, no see."

"By Jupiter, the gal!" exclaimed Wiggins.

He glanced toward the door of the room where he had imprisoned Bertha.

The door was closed, but the idea had entered the mind of the old recluse that Bertha might have escaped while he and Pete slept, and he ran to the door, and opening it looked into the fuel room.

"She's gone!" he cried.

"Ugh!" muttered Pete.

"The gal."

"What gal?"

"Never mind. Come, we must follow her."

The old mountain hermit, despite his years, was quite active, and picking up a lighted lantern he hastened out of the cave, followed by Indian Pete.

Wiggins caught sight of Bertha, who, after running for a short distance, found her way barred by an impassable wall of bowlders, and she had been obliged to turn back.

She was searching for some other route out of the canyon.

"There she is!" cried Wiggins.

He sprang forward, shouting:

"Stop! stop! I'm your friend, girl! I'm your friend!"

But Bertha heeded him not.

She discovered the way she sought, and fled along it.

Fear lent her speed, and in a few moments she disclosed her pursuers and vanished among the rocks and massive bowlders, which were strewn about in chaotic confusion among the stunted pines.

But Wiggins made a long search for the girl, while Indian Pete feigned to be equally anxious to catch her.

At last, however, they abandoned the quest and returned to the cavern.

"How she got the door open I can't understand," said Wiggins.

"I opened it," answered Pete.

"You!"

"Yes. Went for wood, so fire no go out. No see gal there."

"You left the door unfastened, and she waited until you fell asleep, and then crept out."

"Umph!" grunted the Indian youth.

Cale Calvin must be warned of this. The route the gal took won't lead her to town. She'll get lost in Hoss-shoe holler between the ranges of the divide," muttered Wiggins.

Aloud he said:

"You stay here till I come back."

"Me stay."

Wiggins left the cave and made his way to a cabin in Placer Gulch, occupied by Cale Calvin and two partners.

"The gal got off," announced Wiggins as he entered the cabin.

"Escaped from the cave!" cried Calvin, leaping up from the table at which he was playing cards with his two friends.

"Yes, she's gone," answered Wiggins, and then he told how Bertha had escaped, as he understood it.

"We must find her. The girl must be recaptured before she can reveal what she knows," said Calvin.

The others assented.

Five minutes later, led by the mountain recluse, they were on their way to search for the hunted girl, who was wandering alone in the mountains that dreadful night.

Wiggins' words were prophetic. Bertha was lost.

She had fled, heedless of her course, when the hermit pursued her after her escape from the cavern, and soon the terrible realization that she knew not in what direction to direct her steps, forced itself upon her mind.

On and on she wandered, while in her heart there was a deadly fear.

Suddenly, as she picked her way

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along the edge of a rocky ledge, she heard a sound that startled her.

She paused to listen, and then she knew that the sound she had heard was a human groan, and that it had emanated from a point almost at her feet.

The storm was abating gradually, and now and then a vivid flash of lightning had illuminated the gloom for the last half hour.

Bertha was trembling with apprehension, and an instant later a flash of lightning disclosed the scene.

Then Bertha knew where she was.

"I have wandered to the very brink of Mexican Pit!" she exclaimed, recoiling from the edge of a yawning chasm.

A single false step would precipitate her to the bottom of a natural pit something more than a hundred feet deep, called "Mexican Pit," because a Mexican had been found dead at the bottom of the pit, when it was first explored.

The human voice which Bertha had heard came from the depths of the pit.

Some unfortunate fellow-creature had been precipitated into the terrible fall.

For the moment, thinking not of herself, Bertha considered how she could assist the man whose voice came to her from the depths.

"Who is down there?" she called.

Her musical voice sounded like the tones of an angel to the victim of a terrible crime who lay at the bottom of the pit.

A faint voice, that of a man, answered Bertha.

"I am a stranger, and I am injured, and unable to walk. For the love of heaven come to my assistance."

Bertha knew all about the locality of Mexican Pit.

On the opposite side from where she stood she knew there was a rugged way, very much like a flight of natural stairs in the rocks leading down to the bed of the pit.

Bertha determined to make a detour, gain the descent, and go down to the stranger's assistance.

"I will come down to you as soon as I can," she said.

She then hastened around to the deep descent, and in a few moments had gained the bottom of the pit.

Guided by the sound of his voice, she reached the side of a man who lay upon the rocks which formed the bed of the well-like chasm.

The night was steadily decreasing in gloom as the storm clouds cleared away, but Bertha could not yet see the stranger plainly.

"How are you injured?" she asked.

"I think my leg is broken; but if you will help me to regain my feet, perhaps, with your assistance, I can get out of this place," he answered.

Bertha gave him her hand, and he tried to arise, but he sank back again.

"It's no use, I am unable to stand," he said regretfully.

"I will go to Placer Gulch, the mining camp, just south of here over the divide, and bring assistance."

"Thanks, lady; since it must be so. If they should return and find me alive, they would try to finish their fiendish work and murder me."

"Of what are you talking? do you mean—have we left them for dead?"

"Yes; I was knocked senseless by a heavy blow, and hurled into this pit. Miraculously I escaped death, my fall was broken by a clump of bushes. My would-be assassins think they have killed me. But tell me, lady, is it that you, a young girl, as your voice tells me you must be, are alone in this wild mountain fastness this dreadful night?"

"I am fleeing from murderers—from assassins who mean to take my life even as your foes sought to kill you. They murdered my father!"

"Can it be true that there are such monsters as to wish to take the life of one like you. Tell me did you say your father has been killed."

"Yes, sir."

"What was his name?"

"Samuel Earl."

"As I suspected. Then I am too late to save him."

"Can it be you had some knowledge of my father's fate?"

"I had."

"How did you learn it?"

"Business of a private nature called me to the locality of Del Norte, the eastern gateway to the San Juan Mountains and mining region. In that town, one night, I accidentally overheard a conversation between two men in the darkness by the roadside, from which I gathered the startling intelligence that they were plotting to murder one Samuel Earl at Placer Gulch, and that the crime was to be committed within a month.

"You did not see their faces or hear them call each other by name?"

"No. I shadowed them, though, but they gave me the slip. I consoled myself by the thought that as I was soon to visit Placer Gulch I would find Samuel Earl and warn him."

"Will you not tell me your name, sir?"

"I am Dare Kenneth, a detective, but I do not wish to publish the fact, although what has occurred leads me to think your father's assasins suspected my purpose, and that my death was decreed in order to prevent my warning him; but as I suspect the identity of my would-be assassins, I believe there was another powerful reason why they meant to kill me."

"Who do you think your would-be murderers were? I am sure you are the men who killed my poor old father. I recognized the voice of one of those terrible men. He was called by me Cale Calvin. But there were others with him whom I do not know.

"I do not positively know my foes, as I have said, but I mean to find them out. They shall answer at the bar of justice for your father's murder."

"I trust you may do all you say."

"As I was hurled into the pit I heard one of my assassins say, 'You have done for him, Calvin.' But listen, Miss Earl. I am here on a secret mission. Detective work of the greatest importance is to be accomplished. I shall conceal my identity, but you can always count on me to protect you, for while working in the shade, I shall always have an eye for your safety."

"Thank you, sir; I am almost friendless and utterly alone now."

"There is some motive for your father's murder. Do you suspect what it is?"

"No, sir."

"Was he robbed?"

"I do not think robbery could have been the motive of the murderers. Father had only a trifling sum in his possession."

"Was he well-to-do?"

"He had recently discovered the richest gold claim ever struck on Wild Cat Lode in South Mountain. This claim he had entered at the office of the Surveyor General, and he had received the Government title for it. The claim is number '44.'"

The detective started.

"Your father the owner of Claim 44?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir. But you seem surprised."

"I think now I have a clue to the mystery of your father's murder."

Kenneth knew that the present law relating to mining claims in Colorado allows the discoverer to pre-empt 1,500 feet on a vein, and carry with it 150 feet of surface ground on either side of the center of the vein, provided it did not encroach on the ground already located, and therefore that if Claim 44 was really what it was said to be, it was worth a fortune—a temptation for villains.

"Was the claim the cause of my father's murder?" Bertha asked.

"I am inclined to think so. I heard the men who plotted this crime mention 'Claim 44,' but I did not quite catch the connection.

The sky, which had been clearing as the storm subsided, while Bertha wandered for a long time previous to her arrival at Mexican Pit, was presently unobscured by clouds, and the moon appeared.

By its light, Bertha Earl and the detective now saw each other.

The miner's daughter was a lovely brunette, and Dare Kenneth was a handsome, stalwart man of thirty, whose resolute expression and bright, fearless eyes, told of his daring spirit.

"But we are delaying," he said, after replying to Bertha's last question.

"I will away at once!" cried the girl. She turned toward the rocky steps.

"Wait! Listen!" cried the detective, in low, startled tones.

The girl of the gulch paused.

Footsteps and voices were heard.

Bertha turned pale as death, for she recognized the voice of Cale Calvin.

She sprang to Kenneth's side.

"What shall we do? Our foes are coming. I fear they mean to murder us both!" she cried.

"I am unarmed. My foe took my weapon. We must conceal ourselves," said Kenneth; and he managed to crawl behind a bowlder, where he was out of range from the brink of the pit.

"Quick! Quick! Crouch down here beside me," he said to Bertha.

She sprang to his side, but at that instant there came a shout from Cale Calvin.

"There she is!" he cried. "Come on, boys, we'll soon have her out of that!"

Cale Calvin, the bowlder, and the others came rushing down the rocky steps to the bottom of the pit.

They were all dark-clad figures in the moonlight, their faces could not be seen.

Bertha and the wounded man were in despair.

CHAPTER III

As Calvin and his confreres were coming down the steep descent, leading to the bottom of the pit, the detective groaned:

"I would give a year of my life for a revolver.

He knew that, unarmed and wounded as he was, there was no chance for him to defend himself.

The brave officer experienced unutterable agony, not only on his own account, but also for the defenseless girl, whom he was unable to protect from her pitiless foes.

But the detective was ever quick-witted in time of emergency, and he said:

"Since I am helpless, I will feign death."

Then he threw himself on his face behind the huge bowlder which concealed him and his companion.

An instant subsequently Calvin and his three followers were at the bottom of the pit, and as they advanced Bertha Earl arose and came from behind the bowlder.

"Murderers! Do you mean to kill me, too?"

Calvin and his companions halted.

Those dastardly villains at times shrank from the innocent girl as emissaries of the evil one might have shrank from the approach of the Holy Cross.

"You know too much, my girl. You must come with me," said Calvin, after an instant's hesitation.

As he spoke he strode forward to seize Bertha.

Hopeless as was the situation, inspired by a terrible fear Bertha fled.

Calvin pursued her, and she sank down breathless and exhausted at the foot of the stone steps. The wretch grasped her and dragged her to her feet.

"No more of this. I mean you no harm, but you must come with me," he said.

Bertha was obliged to submit to the inevitable.

Keeping a firm hold of his captive, Calvin glanced about the pit, and he said:

"What can have become of his body?"

"Don't know, Cale," answered one of his partners.

"Take a look among the rocks yonder."

He pointed at the bowlder where Kenneth lay.

A moment later the man discovered the detective.

"Here he is. He must have crawled in here out of sight to die. He never fell here," he cried.

"Then he wasn't killed by the blow of the fall?"

"That's certain."

"Jupiter! I say, men, there may be life in him yet!" cried Calvin.

His two companions seemed incredulous.

"We'll soon decide that point!" said one.

Assisted by his companion, he dragged the detective out from behind the great rock.

A cold chill traversed Bertha's frame as she thought the fate of the hapless man was sealed.

Kenneth feigned death perfectly.

But his foes were not to be deceived.

One of them knelt beside him, and felt his heart.

He detected its beating.

The desperado leaped to his feet.

"He lives! I felt his heart throb," he cried.

Calvin's face wore a fiendish expression as he hissed:

"Make an end of him! Put out his life!"

The man addressed drew a keen, long-bladed hunting-knife, and it seemed that a murder was about to be committed there in that weird mountain pit.

Bertha uttered a shrill scream and cried:

"Help! Help! Help!"

At almost the same moment arinsing voice from the brink of the pit above shouted:

"Hold there, you infernal scoundrels or we fire!"

Calvin and his men started with suddenly inspired fear.

Bertha, with a glad cry, fainted.

Looking upward, the desperadoes in Mexican Pit saw half a dozen men peering down at them, while the moonlight glinted from the muzzles of as many rifles, which covered them.

They soon recognized the leader of the Placer Gulch "Committee of Order" and five followers.

The man with the knife dropped it.

Calvin said something to his followers in a low tone.

"Come up here and surrender to the committee of law and order, you scoundrels, and mind, no tricks, or you'll stop lead!" ordered the leader of the band, who had arrived thus opportunely, as though they must have had some warning that they were needed here.

"All right, Cap. You fellows have got the drop on us, and we have got to obey orders. We're coming," answered Calvin, in a disguised voice.

Then he and his men ascended the stone steps.

Just at the top of the flight there was a dense shrub growth and beyond the thicket there was a deep, densely wooded gully.

As Calvin and his men reached the head of the wide steps, and as the committee men of Placer Gulch came forward to secure them, Calvin uttered a wild yell and plunged through the thicket and down into the gloom of the gully, closely followed by his companions.

In an instant they were out of sight. They had planned this escape as they ascended out of the pit.

The committee men discharged a volley of rifle bullets after Calvin and his party, and then pursued them.

But the scoundrels were not overtaken, and, returning to the pit, the committee men heard Bertha tell the story of her father's murder and Kenneth's account of how he had been waylaid.

The detective gave the name of Smith, and said he was "prospecting with a friend" in the mining claim.

When Bertha concluded her story of the thrilling adventures of the night, she said:

"I know Cale Calvin was one of my father's assassins."

Kenneth said he had not seen the men who assailed him, and he did not mention his suspicions.

The detective's wounds were examined, and it was found that his ankle was very severely sprained, that his body was covered with bruises, and that there was a wound in his head.

Although his wounds were numerous, the chief of the order men said that he would be all right in a week, and addressing Bertha, he added:

"We'll have the rascally murderers yet, Miss. I rather reckon they'll cease to brazen this job out, because they were masked and not positively identified. Ten to one we shall find them in the gulch when we get back to town."

"Right you are, Cap, I take it. I heard one of Calvin's partners say, in the Empire saloon to-night, that Calvin won't be able to get out on account of rheumatism," said one of the committee men.

"He is counting on proving an alibi, but Miss Bertha's evidence will knock that," said the chief.

Four stout men carried Kenneth in a rude litter which they had hastily constructed, and the party set out for Placer Gulch at once.

"You have not informed us how you came to arrive just in time to save us?" said Kenneth to the chief of the committee men, as the party traversed the mountains.

"How we came to arrive at Mexican Pit just as we did is a little secret. I can't tell it without giving away a friend of Miss Bertha's. We were on the trail beyond the hills yonder, a very near Mexican Pit, looking for a gold thief, who was said to be a hiding out that way, when we got word we were needed at the pit."

Bertha made no comment, but she was sure that Indian Pete was the friend to whom she owed her rescue.

Such was the fact. The boy had listened at the door of the cave, and heard all that passed between Calvin and Wiggins when Bertha was brought to the hermit's den. The Indian youth had sped like the wind on his pony to Placer Gulch, and afterward he trailed Bertha's pursuers to the pit. Then he started for Placer Gulch to get help, but he encountered the committee men just over the mountain ridge. Had he been obliged to go to town for help it would have been too late before it arrived.

As the order committee, with the rescued ones, reached the mining town they met an excited miner, who made this startling announcement:

"Dave Gayler, the gambler, has just been found dead at the other end of town. He won a big bag of 'dust' to-night, and he had the same with him when he left the Empire saloon.' He's been murdered and robbed."

"We'll look into the matter," said the committee chief.

Kenneth and Bertha Earl were left at a rude boarding-house, kept by a respectable woman, who was Bertha's friend. The Widow Marley, such was her name, placed her "best" room at Kenneth's disposal, the one surgeon of the gulch was called, and the wounded man was made as comfortable as possible.

Meanwhile, the committee men hastened to Cale Calvin's cabin.

That desperate character, and two men whom were his partners, seemed to be asleep, and the cabin door was not fastened.

The sleepers were aroused and accused.

They all denied any knowledge of Sam Earl's murder, and they swore they had not been out of town that night.

But then one of the committee who had been sent to attend to the matter arrived, and said to the chief:

"I've had Gayler's body brought to the Empire, and the knife with which he was killed was found beside him. Here's the weapon."

He held up a hunting-knife with a strangely carved bone handle.

"*Sam Earl's knife!*" exclaimed one of the order men, and half a dozen others recognized the knife as the property of Bertha's father.

"Cap, this looks dark for Sam Earl. He was seen to leave the saloon with Gayler and Nat Nixon, and I heard the old fellow promise to show the other the way to Driggs' ranch on the west side of the divide," said the man who had brought in the knife.

"Look here, Cap," said Calvin, "are you sure you've not been taken in on the business? Do you know for a certainty that Sam Earl is dead?"

"The old man's daughter says so. She stated that she left him laying dead on the floor of his cabin. But we can have the truth of her story, though I've no reason to doubt it," answered the chief of the order men.

He then directed some of his men to hold Calvin and his partners prisoners in their cabin, and with the rest of the party he hastened to Sam Earl's cabin.

The cabin was open, the door and entered the miner's rude home as soon as he reached it.

The cabin was empty. Sam Earl's body was not there, and there were no blood stains on the floor. Nothing was disturbed in the apartment. Bertha's story that her father had been murdered.

Amazed and perplexed, the order men returned to the gulch and to Calvin's cabin.

"I see it all, Cap," said Calvin. "Old Sam Earl murdered Gayler and fled. He told me once in confidence that he had an old grudge against the gambler. The old fellow has put his daughter to bed to give out he's been murdered, in order to prevent his being pursued. The gal put the crime on me, because she had heard some of the talk that promises have told about me, and she thought folks might believe her when she told such a feller that a good many are down on.

"She overreached herself very foolishly, though, when she said her father was dead in the cabin. She might have known the body would have been looked for."

"Old Sam Earl had been an unsociable old cuss, and he had few friends at Placer Gulch. It did not seem at all strange, though, that the man who owned Claim 44, the richest on the lode, would commit a crime, become a fugitive, and desert his wonderful gold mine.

This was the reflection of the chief of the order committee, and he said:

"Sam Earl ain't the man to desert his gold claim for the sake of a private revenge, or a few thousand dollars."

"But he has left the old miner's knife had been used to kill the gambler remained.

The men of the order committee began to have their doubts, but the next day, as Bertha Earl made oath to the truth of her father's murder at the miner, Calvin and his partners were tried by the order committee.

Bertha's evidence was taken, but Calvin's alibi was proven, and he was a gentleman from the East who had left his native locality for its good, defendthe case.

The defense, of course, claimed that Sam Earl had not been murdered.

The prosecution, however, made a strong point of the fact that Earl would not desert such a wonderful gold mine as Claim 44.

The trial was held in a grove at the edge of the town, and it was almost concluded, when a stranger rode up, and stopped but long enough for him to the summing up of the case on both sides.

"Hold on, gentlemen!" suddenly cried the mounted stranger, and while every eye was turned upon him, he said:

"Two weeks ago I purchased Claim 44 from Samuel Earl, and here is the document to prove the truth of my words, and the transfer on the books of the Surveyor General was made by Samuel Earl in person."

The speaker handed the chief a paper.

It was a bill of sale and a certificate of transfer of Claim 44, duly signed by Samuel Earl and certified by the Surveyor General.

The bill of sale was examined, and Samuel Earl's signature was fully identified.

The lawyer who had defended Calvin sprang up and cried:

"I demand that my client be discharged. When Earl murdered Gayler, he had no longer the motive to do so. There was nothing to detain him here."

"It is false! This is a terrible conspiracy! Heaven punish them!" These villains are not content with murdering my poor old father, but they would rob me of my inheritance—Claim 44—and they mark my parent with awful disgrace!" cried Bertha.

The excited girl was ordered to be silent, and a moment later a verdict of "not guilty" was rendered in favor of Calvin and his companions, and they were released from custody as innocent men.

Bertha hastened to Dare Kenneth who was yet at Mrs. Marley's and the poor girl told the detective all.

"I will be soon on the trail of the murderers. Do not despair, Miss Earl. I hope to defeat their plot and bring them to justice yet," said Kenneth, earnestly.

After this a week elapsed, and then Kenneth was able to be about again. Several days later, at night, he was thunderbolt the stranger who said he had bought Claim 44, with the hope that he was in league with Calvin.

To a mounted cabin at a short distance from the mining town the detective trailed his man. As the latter entered the cabin a shrill scream rent the air, and Kenneth recognized Bertha's voice. He bounded at the door, dashed it open, and entered.

The detective saw Bertha Earl in the arms of a rough-looking old miner. The man he had trailed had disappeared.

"Release that lady or I fire!" cried Kenneth, springing forward and leveling a revolver at the head of the man who grasped Bertha.

At the same moment the chief of the order committee quite suddenly appeared at the cabin door.

"Sam Earl alive and well, meeting his daughter in secret, as I live!" shouted the chief of the order men.

"Hold! It is not true! This man is my father!" cried Bertha.

"*Your father!* What strange mystery is this?" exclaimed the detective.

As he spoke there came the detonation of a pistol shot, fired from an interior room, and the old miner dropped his weapon and reeled backward.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE MAIDEN'S FAREWELL.

The time has come and we must part;
The hour has come, alas! too soon.
How oft I've clasped these to my heart
With fervent, holy ecstasy.

When first I saw thee I was sure
Thou came at to me to stay
But nothing mundane doth endure—
All things must pass away.

How oft in days forever past
My form thou hast embraced!
Another takes thy place at last
And clasps me round the waist.

But such is life—we meet to part;
In midst of change we dwell!
Another hears to-day my heart—
Old corset, face those well!

—*Boston Courier.*

# BRAVE Judith Colton.

## A THRILLING STORY OF THE Great Cattle Ranges of New Mexico and Arizona.

BY FORTUNE L. STORR.

[NOTE.—This serial story commenced in No. 1 of the Ledger. Readers who have missed it can send to the office of publication or there, if they cannot be obtained of their local newsdealers.]

CHAPTER XXXV.
BROTHERS OF OLD.

Keeping his heavy hand upon the lips of Judith to prevent a cry from discovering his flight, the outlaw urged on his horse. His position was reckless, for the proud spirit of the girl was well-nigh broken, and she was incapable of offering successful resistance. And, further, the shouts of the cowboys drowned all other sounds, for the cowboys were upon the town, and the fight of which old Sol had advised that they dealt among their foes.

Riding some distance into the wood, the outlaw halted behind the thick shelter of the brush which skirted the mountain to the nearest point of the thicket, to rein pass.

He knew that his course must be exposed for some distance upon the open plain; but his design was to escape from the town by another trick of Apaches, to the south, where he was sure of welcome and protection.

A firm heart was equal to any obstacle, and he met this emergency with the same coolness that had characterized his every act of vice.

He knew that when Douglas Dain discovered his escape from the town he would collect their deadly fire but he had provided himself with a fleet steed, and he knew the country over which his course would tend.

Reaching the open plain, he rode boldly forth, confident that in the attack upon the town every available man would be called into action, and he would find no impediment at the pass.

His conjecture was true, and, though fearful that he might now be seen, he checked his steed and looked back.

The Apaches had been driven from the town, and the cowboys were pursuing them through the wood.

Although many times outnumbered the bold horsemen had scattered all opposition, and under their deadly fire the prairie was strewn with the dying.

Upon the terrace of the temple many forms were moving, and he knew that Winnie Berrill had revealed to her friends how recently Judith had escaped, and that they were searching to discover her.

Riding now into the pass, full of the hope that his enemies, busy about the town, would not see his flight from the wood to the exit from the valley, he galloped through and made his way down the broad roadway which led into a canyon of the mountains.

Suddenly the sound of voices fell upon his ear, mingled with the tread of hoofs and the clatter of arms.

"The d—l!" he exclaimed, reining his horse; "those infernal soldiers!"

Judith made an effort to cry out, and partially succeeded, or the hand of the outlaw fell again upon her lips.

"Curse you!" he exclaimed, roughly. "Don't you know that you peril your life? I shall kill you rather than lose you."

There was a quick command, which halted the approaching horsemen, as though the sound had reached them, and they paused to listen.

The outlaw strained his ears, waiting eagerly for them to set out again. As the noises was borne upward, he was at a loss to discover the direction of the comers, and feared to move lest he ride to meet them.

After a moment's anxious waiting the intruders turned a clump of cedars to his left, and revealed their presence, several hundred yards away, ascending toward the pass.

They rode in straggling disorder, the rough surface of the canyon preventing their riding abreast, and in this lead the outlaw recognized his brother.

Turning his horse he spurred away, and was almost instantly seen by the troops, who, with a ringing cheer, gave chase.

Answering the cheer with a yell of defiance and a contemptuous wave of his hand, the outlaw rushed up the canyon, his steed responding bravely to the points that touched his sides.

After a ride of several moments the outlaw saw that he had distanced the troop; but Carlton, better mounted than the others, was close at hand, and though his horse was jaded by the pursuit, he was not bearing a double burden, and held his pace well.

For half an hour the ride continued, and the outlaw noticed that his horse was yielding under the severity of his task. The ground became rough and broken, and tangled grass and thickets of cactus began to impede his progress. The soldiers were left far behind, but his brother had held his speed, and was close upon him.

The countenance of the outlaw darkened like night. He saw that he must be overtaken, and he made his plans accordingly.

Slacking his pace, to allow his pursuer to approach nearly upon him, he halted suddenly and leaped to the ground.

Flinging Judith Colton away, reckless of her comfort and safety as she fell upon the hard stones, he drew his revolver, and, with quick aim, fired.

Carleton's horse fell instantly, pierced to the heart, and the officer alighting erect, rushed forward.

His weapon was in his hand, and he hesitated now, no less than his savage brother. Both pistols came steadily to a level, and were discharged as one explosion.

So near were they together that for the instant the smoke blinded their eyes, and they stood erect unharmed, striving to turn the cylinders of their useless weapons. The pistols had been discharged against each other, and the barrel of one was bent and broken, while the trigger had been shot away from the one held by Carleton, the end of his finger going with it.

The outlaw instantly drew his knife, an act which Carleton was not slow to follow, and the two men closed, like the brothers of old, in deadly strife.

Hearnsick, Judith cowered to the ground.

She had seen the terrible prowess of the outlaw, and knew that the strength which had mastered that of the pretended Mescalero would find but little difficulty in the one so unused to combat as Carleton.

She looked, fascinated, the faint prayer rising in her heart that Red Martin might remember his kinship and forbear to strike.

But there was little mercy in the clouded brow of the outlaw.

He knew that a more terrible foe would soon be upon his trail, and his safety depended upon the extermination of the opposition of his brother.

With knife upraised he rushed to the encounter, believing that he could parry at his heart upon the hilt of his blade, and returning it, to be parried with a greater skill than Judith thought the officer to possess.

In his anxiety to end the struggle immediately, the blows of Red Martin were too wild. Carleton, with the officer, nerved to the encounter, met him calmly, awaiting until an expenditure of strength on the part of his antagonist would make his opportunity.

Upon his face was a determination no less savage than less ferocious than that which animated his ruffian brother, and, though conscious of the terrible strength of the outlaw, he felt that the emergency justified his action. He fought also for the freedom of the girl whom he hoped to make his wife, and, knowing that his fate was upon him, his pride entered into his muscles, and he battled with a skill that surprised his foe.

But the outlaw had no intention of exhausting himself in an encounter, which could not but result disastrously him. He knew his own superiority, and the murder was but a question of time.

He grew more cautious and fought away, Carleton following closely. Then, with a quick rush, he was under the uplifted arm, and the force of his brother sank limp before him.

Judith saw that the officer was dead. The fatal thrust had been given home, and the instant pallor of the face revealed that the heart was pierced.

She arose to her feet in horror and turned to flee, but was restrained by the expression upon the outlaw's countenance. It was a look of mingled rage and terror, as he stood regarding the fallen man as though overwhelmed by the full realization of his deed.

Then there came into his mind memories of their youthful days, and he saw in the white face before him that which stirred depths seared and scorched over with crime.

Perhaps the faint gasp, that told of the departed life, brought back days when he, of older strength, had soothed the childish sobs and comforted the childish griefs of him now dead before him.

His emotion was but momentary; but slight as was the delay, it was fatal. The instant given to remorse sufficed to bring his Nemesis; and when he lifted his eyes they rested upon the approaching form of the cattleman.

Like the rush of a tempest, Black Dirk bore down upon the scene, and the outlaw had scarcely time to stand

Terms { One Year.....$1.50 / Eight Months..... 1.00 / Six Months..... .50 }

# THE CHICAGO LEDGER.



on his defense before the active figure of the cattleman confronted him.

The eyes of Douglas Dain dueled for an instant in anger upon his enemy with a flash of triumph.

The cattlaw had drawn back, his brow corrugated, his savage teeth bared in his desperation.

Fresh from his victorious encounter, scarcely warmed, and exhausted by the struggle, he was not without hope.

He knew his own strength, and having conquered the dumb Mescalero, he was prepared to test the high repute of the cattleman.

Should he prove the victor, the last obstacle was swept away, and with the splendid steed of his foe he might laugh at pursuit.

The revolvers of the cattleman were at his belt, but he did not draw them.

They were discharged in the conflict at the town, and he hardly waited to obtain means to recharge them.

His keen gaze had detected the flight of Red Martin through the pass, and he had instantly ridden in pursuit.

He stood, calm, silent, expectant before the outlaw, his blade bared, in the attitude of an executioner.

Once he glanced at Judith, who in an agony of fear watched him, and a reassuring smile lighted his lips.

The girl, twice the trembling witness to the power of Red Martin, could not but expect to see her lover also, a victim to his strength.

But erect, firm and majestic, the graceful form of the cattleman was like the statue of an avenging Greek, and there was a movement in nothing but his arms, as he met the panther-like leap with which the outlaw bounded upon him.

Their blades met and their arms struck together.

For an instant they were rigid and motionless. Then they drew apart, the outlaw raging.

The firm muscles of the cattleman rested against his brawny arm like cords of steel, and in that touch came to him the electric knowledge of their power.

They met; there was an instant struggle, and the frightened witness saw the awful fear that convulsed the countenance of Red Martin like a hideous mask.

The splendid play of the cattleman knocked him like a reed into the air, and almost before his shoulders touched the earth, he was pinned there by the quick blade that was driven through his body.

CHAPTER XXXVI.
CONCLUSION.

Jerry Wind knew nothing of the contest in town, after he reached the temple, except what he saw from the terrace.

Pistol in hand, he followed the cattleman into the valley, scattering the Apaches like chaff as they rode to the houses.

But the sight of a familiar figure upon the roof of the temple quickly ended his warlike enthusiasm, and leaving the victory to his comrades, he scrambled up the ladder, and clasped Winnie Berrill in his arms.

In the first transport of her joy the poor girl was unable to do more than respond to the caresses of her lover, for the felicity of meeting her betrothed, and rescue from the Apaches, robbed her of speech, but when the town was captured, and the form of the cattleman appeared upon the terrace, the delight of her companion returned to her.

"Judith! where is Judith?" she cried.

The eyes of the cattleman began a search of the objects below, and the retreating figure of the outlaw with his burden, at the pass, caught his gaze.

To descend from the terrace, fling himself upon Black Dirk, and ride in pursuit, was the work of a moment, and Jerry followed as soon as he could post a guard about the temple, and gather a few of the scattered cowboys, busy in the pursuit of the Indians.

Winnie waited at the temple after the departure of Jerry, dreading a return of the Apaches, to attack the scanty force that remained, for one-half of the cowboys followed Jerry Wind when they learned of the flight of the outlaw.

But the Apaches, shattered by the attack, had retired to the fastnesses of the mountain, far up the valley, and all anxiety on the part of the girl was dispelled, when a boy in Eagle was heard at the pass, and the soldiers rode into the plain.

At their head rode the cattleman, and mounted upon the white steed upon which the outlaw had borne her away rode Judith Conway.

Near her was her father, overjoyed in the recovery of his daughter, and with a heart filled with gratitude for the brave ranger who had rescued her.

The cattleman, returning with Judith, had met the pursuing soldiers, with Jerry and the cowboys, and together they returned to the valley.

Taking possession of the houses deserted by the departed occupants, the troops and cowboys rested after the labors of the severe pursuit.

Strong scouting parties kept the scattered Indians from lurking near the town, and the combined force of the cowboys and soldiers made all fear of attack an idle fancy.

Several days were spent in rest at the town before undertaking a return across the desert.

The remains of Carleton were buried near the falls, and at his grave rested the body of the unfortunate Lyon.

Major Colton repeated the service for the dead, as they were laid away in the beautiful and romantic spot selected for them, and many eyes were moist as these last rites were performed.

The pathetic death of the faithful brother who had lived with but the single thought of avenging the wife he loved sister touched every heart, and it was a common regret that he had not survived to see the punishment at last fall upon the outlaw.

For Carleton, Judith grieved sincerely, and Major Colton mourned him as a son.

Judith forgot his vanity, his insincerity, and his lack of moral purpose, in remembering that he died nobly, striking in her defense, and no jealousy touched the magnanimous heart of the cattleman at this sorrow expressed by his betrothed.

During their rest at the Apache town none intruded upon the companionship of the lovers.

In the groves, under the soft moonlight, and walking by the rushing falls of the river so late the witness of his daring, the cattleman drew from Judith a renewal of the vows she had made to him when he was a prisoner at the stake.

Jerry Wind and Winnie Berrill were scarcely less happy, and those nights under the stars that shone over the valley of the Bernalillo were long remembered by them as among the most delightful of their lives.

Major Colton was not loath to give his consent to the union of his daughter to the handsome cattleman, but he felt some surprise that she could so readily bestow her hand upon any one immediately following the death of Carleton.

He had suspected a love for the officer in the heart of his daughter, and while his mistake was apparent, yet sensitive now of the memory of his unfortunate and friend, he insisted that some time must intervene before the performance of the ceremony.

The cattleman was not to blank to reveal to Major Colton his reticence regarding his life prior to his coming to the Territory, and Judith, the confidant of the officer, there was in it no barrier to a union with his daughter.

Douglas Dain was the son of a wealthy Southern planter, who had espoused the cause of the rebellion, and shared the misfortunes of the vanquished.

His son, as he grew to understand the issues of the war, differed from his father as to the justice and merits of the controversy, and a separation was the consequence.

Coming to the great West, Douglas Dain had achieved success in the mines, and, after a long absence, returned to secure his father's blessing and an estate which had grown largely upon the ruins of a vast fortune left by the war.

The cattleman was loath to reveal to one who had been a conspicuous part of that strife as Major Colton, the name of one who was equally prominent upon the other side, but the generous officer had no reproaches for so excellent a son.

Thus our story might end, where peace came after the turmoil of so many adventures, but the after days of our friends are so full of fortune that we would have our readers learn it.

The return of the party was without mishap, and Major Colton and his daughter remained for several weeks at the Dain Ranch, before proceeding to Denver, where the cattleman soon followed them.

Douglas and Judith were married there, at the elegant residence which the happy lover purchased for his bride, to which they returned after the customary tour in the East.

Douglas still retains his ranch, and Judith often accompanies him there with her beautiful boy, welcomed by Jerry Wind and his pretty wife, who superintended the plantation.

Moulton received from his wound, and with Lubber Biggs is the owner of an extensive ranch, and by the rare generosity of the wealthy cattleman, both are prosperous.

Judith never heard of Strong Wolf, the Apache who befriended her while a captive.

Whether he was slain in the attack upon the town, or escaped with his people to the mountains, she never learned.

Davidge, with a company of rangers, pursuing some hostiles through the Cababi Mountains, returned to tell of a visit to the Bernalillo Valley.

He found the Apache town deserted, save by the bats and owls, and the coyotes that slunk among the adobe ruins.

The flowers blooming around the waters of the stream, in which the wild fowl sported, and the fields and neglected orchards were proof of the haste.

Down the ravine, beyond the narrow pass, he came upon a broken skeleton, half-rotted by the drenching rains.

The fierce beasts that preyed upon it had torn the tattered clothing to shreds, and but a few moldy rags hung about the rotting bones.

The right arm was undashed from the shoulder, and the skeleton fingers were clutched tightly about the handle of a rusty knife.

[THE END.]

### DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP.

You have been told that consumption is incurable; that when the lungs are affected the case is hopeless; that the sufferer is past all help, and the end is a mere question of time. You have noted with pain the unmistakable symptoms of the disease; you have tried all manner of so-called cures in vain, and you are now despondent and preparing for the worst. But don't give up the ship while Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery remains untried. It is not a cure-all, nor will it perform miracles, but it has cured thousands of cases of consumption, in its earlier stages, after all other means had failed. Try it, and obtain a new lease of life.

FENDERSON—Yes, I have got an awful cold, and the doctor says I mustn't go out. It's plaguey provoking, don't you know, as I was engaged to attend a donkey party to-night. FOGG—Were you? But I wouldn't fret; they'll get along, no doubt, by cutting one out of paper.—*Boston Transcript.*

### HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

No matter in what part you are located, you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive, free, information about work you can do and live at home, at a profit of from $5 to $25 and upwards daily. Some have made over $50 in a day. All is new. Capital not needed; Hallett & Co. will start you. Either sex; all ages. Those who commence at once will make sure of snug little fortunes. Write and see for yourselves.

NOTHING is ever done beautifully which is done in rivalship, nor nobly which is done in pride.

MANY imitators, but no equal, has Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

LEGEND OF THE BLUSH ROSES.

Little Love was running wild
In a garden of roses,
When some white ones he espied,
Like snow grown earth jealous.

But color they need," said he,
"For oh, they are far too pale!"
And, stealing down unseen,
He told them a whispering tale.

Then all rosy did they blush—
So Love's story goes among
The Blush it still doth linger—
That's why they're called blush roses.
—*Beatrice Crane, in Harper's Weekly.*

# THE MYSTERY OF THE Old Iron Safe.

## An Exciting Story of the Rebellion.

BY CAPT. MARK WILTON,
Author of "Malvern Hill," "Vicksburg," "Heavy Hand," Etc., Etc.

[NOTE.—This serial story commenced in No. 19. Parties desiring back numbers should send to the office of publication for them, if they cannot be obtained of their local newsdealer.]

CHAPTER XIII.
CAST INTO PRISON.

The words fell on Ralph Brandon's ears with stunning effect. Arrested for murder! And he had never raised his hand against one of his kind except on the battlefield, in fair fight. Still, realizing the fact that the man who addressed him was undoubtedly an officer, he did not wonder that he was thought guilty if the officer knew all about the events of the night.

Retaining both his coolness and temper well, he steadily replied:

"I am innocent."

"So all criminals say."

"Who is my accuser?"

"Principally yourself."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply that cries of murder have been heard from this house; we come here and find Birdsall and the deranged woman gone, but *you* are here. Why, unless you are the assassin?"

Brandon forced himself to smile, as though wholly at ease.

"I was here in conversation with the servant girl. Pray, would a criminal act like that, and hang around committed?"

The officer's face fell. Brandon had made a good point. The former turned slowly to the servant.

"Millie, what do you know about this affair?"

Something, except that somebody entered my room and chloroformed me while I was asleep. When I awoke Mr. Birdsall and the madam were gone. I don't think this gentleman harmed them; it must have been the other man."

"What other man?"

"Him who stopped here."

"Who was that?"

"Mister called him Barrows, and I know they had a quarrel."

On being questioned further the girl told the story of the unwelcome guest, as far as she knew it.

She had not heard that conversation to which Ralph Brandon had listened, but she did know that her master and the stranger had not been on good terms, and she declared that the latter looked capable of any crime.

The officer believed that he must have been one of the criminals; but he would not hear to the argument that Brandon had been innocent of complicity in it. To him it looked as though the two had been in the plot, and when he questioned the prisoner keenly about his past Ralph could not avoid showing uneasiness.

He persisted in the statement that his name was Duncan, that being the one he had given to the sergeant early in the night; but in his attempts to account for himself in such a way that investigation would not betray him, he soon showed he was not telling the truth.

The officer's suspicion increased.

"I shall lock you up!" he said, decisively. "It isn't for me to try you, but it's my duty to have you on hand when you are called for trial."

"In my opinion, no murder has been committed," declared Brandon.

"Indeed!" sneered the officer.

"Yes; if so, where is the body?"

"You ought to know."

"It looks far more reasonable to me that that fellow Barrows kidnaped the madam, and that Birdsall has pursued him."

"You admit that you heard cries of murder?"

"True, but a woman will scream 'murder' if a mouse threatens her. Again, the madam is not of sound mind. It may have been a mechanical cry, as I may term it. Still again, it might be a foolish woman who would allow herself to be kidnaped and not scream murder, or something calculated to bring help. But if there actually was a murder, where are the bodies? Two people, like Brandon and the madam, could not easily be killed and their bodies disposed of thus."

"You would make a good lawyer, but you'll have to argue later. Just now you must go to the lock-up."

"This is an outrage," said Brandon, indignantly.

He felt all that he said.

It was necessary that he should soon get back to Washington and pursue his search for the papers which were to clear James Prentice of the charge of being a spy; and to be retained where he was seemed the first step toward a revelation of his identity.

Other misfortunes would follow the first.

Charged with being both a murderer and a spy, his chances would be desperate, indeed. He thought best to submit quietly, however, when he saw that he could not avoid the trouble, and went with the officers to the jail.

They looked him in, and then all started out to search for the bodies of Birdsall and the madam.

The alarm had been given at the village by an early riser who had heard the cries, and it was fully expected that evidence of a dark crime would soon be obtained.

Ralph, left alone, reviewed his situation and grew desperate. Captivity was something terrible under the circumstances, and he could not settle down calmly. Instead, he paced the floor with quick, nervous steps, and brooded over the present and future.

He had been a soldier and had experienced the vicissitudes of war, but never before had his fate, at times, the inevitable calmly. Now it was very different; he was like a caged tiger.

Suddenly he stopped short in his walk and glanced about the cell. The "jail" was a place which would have been laughed at by people who lived in larger towns. It was merely a strong room, and he was not sure it was so very strong, either.

The bird-in-hand would not stay here long," he muttered, "nor will I, if I can get out. It will add to the suspicion against me if I run away, but I will not stay here to meet a false charge if I can get away."

He seized the window-bars, and shook them. They were old and rusty, and he felt sure they could be removed if he had the means of working upon them. He glanced about the room.

A table stood against the wall at one point. It was old and rickety, but the legs were fast, though pieces of wood, and seemed just what he wanted. He seized one, and after some wrenching, tore it away.

Then he went again to the window, and, getting a proper hold on the bar, began an effort to displace it by force. For a while it resisted; and then there was a sudden crack, and it parted in the middle.

Greatly encouraged, he attacked another.

It was only a matter of time; and in a few minutes this, too, yielded. The way of escape was open.

He dropped the piece of wood which had served him so well, and raised the sash. No one was visible outside. He crawled through, and dropped to the ground.

Once more he was nominally free. But how was he to get away from the town? Must he be hunted like a wild animal, and finally run down again? He remembered that the station-agent had spoken of an early train for Washington, and drew out his watch.

It showed that he had just time to catch it, if he did not waste any more time.

But how was he to get away from the village? He did not know. Daylight burned in nearly every house, but not a person was visible.

Ralph looked down the depot and heard the roar of the approaching train. He dared not apply for a ticket, and, as an additional precaution, crossed the track, so that he could take the train from the further side, if at all.

He saw the station agent on the platform, and no one else, but officers might be lurking near.

The train thundered to the depot, stopped, paused as though for breath, and then glided away again. Soon its former speed had been regained, and it went rattling, groaning along the rails, bearing its living freight away toward Washington.

Three of these cars sat Ralph Brandon. Thus far all was going well. He had not been molested. The local train had shown how easily they were by allowing the train to pass unnoticed, and he was certainly on his way to the capital.

And the eastern sky showed the first signs of coming day.

Just in front of him sat a ragged man, who looked sleepy and tired. In his hat-band was a ticket which showed that his destination was Washington. Ralph leaned forward and touched his shoulder.

"My friend, I will give you ten dollars for that ticket of yours."

"The dickens you will! Why, it's only worth two dollars, or less, from this point."

"So much the better for you. I want to settle down and go to sleep. With a ticket I can do it; without one, the conductor will wake me up. Give me the ticket, and take you the ten dollars. You can settle with the conductor."

It was an offer the man could not afford to refuse, for the money was a blessing to him.

The bargain was made, and Brandon settled down and pretended to fall asleep. His object in this was clear. With the ticket in his hand he would escape notice. If he paid cash from where he took the train it would call the conductor's attention to him the train being light one, and he could be easily traced to Washington.

The train whirled away, and in due time arrived at its destination.

Once more Ralph Brandon trod the streets of the national capital, but he felt that a long time had gone by since he had seen the city.

Days had passed, and he had been a prisoner in the town, and he knew that he could not be very much on the alert, and he could make his visit a short one. Early riser though she was, Miss Ardencourt would not be likely to be up, but his name would be sufficient.

He made the journey at once, choosing the least-frequented streets, and seeing no one by the way of whom he thought he need be afraid.

The Ardencourt house was soon reached, and great was his surprise and joy when, looking up, he saw Miriam herself at the window, working over a group of flowering plants.

She recognized him, and surprise and pleasure flashed over her face. Then she made a quick gesture and disappeared. He went to the door; it opened and he was in the hall.

Another moment and Miriam was in his arms.

We need not dwell upon that meeting, for it was a matter where they would prefer no confidants. Such is the way with lovers. But it was strange and surprising to see how the proud, stately Miriam could bend grow tender with one she loved, and Ralph Brandon thought it wonderfully pleasant.

Miriam was taken by surprise, for she had not been to understand that Ralph did not think it prudent to venture near her house, but she was very glad to see him, and declared she should keep him all day.

He breakfasted with her, and by that time had fully decided to tell her all that had taken place with him.

Menaced by danger as he was, he might at any moment fall into some trap, he felt it his duty to let her know the facts of the Birdsall case minutely.

It was a long, strange story, and Miriam listened in wonder, but not once did she doubt his word. She sympathized with him fully, because suspicion had fallen upon him in the supposed murder case, but out of the mass of testimony, she selected one other thing as the strongest of all.

That was the sweet connection of her lover with the people of the cottage.

What did they know of him? Why had his name been mentioned? What meant the letter written by his mother, which referred to him so pathetically? Had he not been hunted like a wild animal, and finally run down again?

# The Chicago Ledger.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY
—BY—
THE CHICAGO LEDGER COMPANY.

**ADVERTISING RATES**

Per Line.
Regular Advertisements, per insertion, 25c
Reading Notices, " " 40c

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES.**

One copy one year.....$1.50
One copy eight months.....1.00
One copy six months.....50

Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to THE CHICAGO LEDGER.

For Sale by Newsdealers, Postmasters, and Subscription Agents.

All communications should be addressed to
THE CHICAGO LEDGER,
271 FRANKLIN STREET,
Chicago, Illinois.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6, 1888.


## BACK NUMBERS.

The attention of readers of THE CHICAGO LEDGER is called to the fact that back numbers of the paper to any date within the past year can be obtained by writing to the office of publication. Parties who wish to keep their files complete should make a note of this. Back numbers containing the opening chapters of any story will be furnished upon short notice.

## TO OUR READERS.

Our readers can assist us in increasing our circulation with no inconvenience to themselves by merely showing THE LEDGER to their friends and stating the small price at which it is sent to subscribers. Subscribers desiring sample copies mailed to their acquaintances can be accommodated by sending us postal cards, with name and address. Old soldiers especially, or both armies, will confer a favor by sending names of other veterans, to whom sample copies will cheerfully be mailed. Our list is rapidly swelling, and we would like to have it contain the names of as many veterans of the war as possible.

Written forwarding MSS. to this office will please state the number of words contained in each MS. Rolled MSS. will be thrown into the waste-basket without opening. Contributors will please place their name and address upon each manuscript, upon the title of the manuscript in the letter accompanying it. No mistake can then occur in sending an article to the wrong writer. Owing to a superabundance of stories and sketches on hand, the LEDGER hereby gives notice to contributors that, until further notice, the management will not pay for matter unless it be specially ordered; also, that under no circumstances will rejected manuscripts be returned.

*NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Stories containing more than 2,5.0 words are not available for use in the columns of this paper.*

### FUN AT WEDDINGS.

BY PROFESSOR DAVID SWING.

Will, humor, the ridiculous, are made up largely of the totally unexpected. Wedding ceremonies are so severe as to permit any element of the unexpected. When recently a couple of really accomplished and fine-looking young people came to the clergyman's house to be married the groom in a graceful and happy manner handed the preacher a large envelope which was assumed to contain the county license. The happy pair then took their position and waited for the ceremony to begin. By a kind of accident the clergyman had taken the paper from the envelope, and while about to repeat the words, "Dearly beloved, we have met together in the sight of God and in the presence of these witnesses," he saw that the license was only a party-wall contract between other persons than those two on the floor. So the ceremony ended before it began, the clergyman stating that although he hoped that one wall would always contain the two dear young people, yet he would rather have the other form of document. All of the little group stowed themselves away in the carriage, drove to the groom's room, for the right document upon a table covered over with papers, and there in that room the wedding took place.

One Sunday afternoon three persons came to the parson's—a man her, aged about 40, a beautiful daughter, aged about 18, and a fine-looking man of about 20 or 25. The clergyman's family came one by one into the parlor, and the three domestics crept up into the hall to see what gave promise of being a beautiful wedding. The clergyman said in a happy tone "You may take your place there by the sofa and we will have the wedding." And then and there came a silent scattering of the young spectators and of the domestics, for the groom and the mother stepped forward and took the solemn vows! The parson was so amazed he could with difficulty proceed. He did not dare suppose that the parties had become exchanged in the buggy. The knot had to be tied, but when the amen was said there was no one to congratulate the happy pair, for the clergyman's wife had gone off to silence her giggling daughters, while the servants had gone to their work. Bidgio saying she would rather peel potatoes than attend a wedding like that. The slighted daughter had been away at school, the groom had seldom seen her, and the mother was rather a handsome and lively gymnosaage; but good-looking as the madam was, it was a Horatian case of a daughter more beautiful than even her beautiful mother.

The laugh is sometimes against the clergyman in these matrimonial experiences. A city pastor confessed to two sad blunders on his part. Very often at twilight, when it was too late for a tramp to be asked to work, the door-bell would ring very gently, as though touched by the fingers of the most abject humility. Just as often would this good doctor find at the door some man who had often gone to the doctor's church, but who had now reached the depth of misery and had to ask for ten cents for a night's lodging. One evening the good pastor was less patient than usual, and when there came in the gloaming the same old meek tinkle of the spring bell, the man of peace went to the door with a firm step, which savored more of war than of peace. When the opened door revealed a rather bashful and muttering man, the clergyman said: "Go 'long, you are all a lot of miserable nuisances. I have no money for such vagabonds." To this volley came the amazing words: "Why, Doctor, I came to get you to marry me to Miss ——— next week, but I have no further use for you." I explained one were vain; the couple found a clergyman who had not offended the groom.

The same preacher said that while confessing his sins he might as well pour out one more little tale. A close-looking, childish couple were ushered into his study-room by the second girl. The good-looking people seemed bashful, both were gloves. The man had a silk umbrella, and was about sixty years old; the woman looked ten years younger, and wore a bright, cheerful costume. The pastor had always prided himself on his power to read faces, and so after the visitors had sat in a modest silence for a few minutes he came to their rescue, and broke the ice for them with these words: "I suppose you have come to get married." The callers were nearly knocked down with surprise. At last the man said: "Well, not exactly; we have been husband and wife for twenty-five years, and came to call on the wife of our pastor, and we knew if you will accept a call." Just then the wife came in and introduced two of her dear church friends to her rash, theological husband. Ever since that event this preacher has been less of a mind-reader than he was formerly.

Thus have the clergymen who have been in the world a good while quite a fund of matrimonial anecdote which they will retail at request. If the office is good, the company small and the duties of the day not too heavy and depressing. Each old pastor could write columns were he to open up that particular box of memory, for marriage is a department in human life in which many small matters make a large show, and a department in which self-possession and good sense are not commonly present in adequate quantity.

### THE FREE-LUNCH FIEND.

"I can tell a free-lunch fiend the moment I see him," said a prominent Chicago saloon-keeper. "He isn't like the ordinary man who comes in and tackles the lunch-counter, but has a certain way he has of casting about the room with an indolence of stories and sketches on hand, the LEDGER hereby gives notice to contributors that, until further notice, the management will not pay for matter unless it be specially ordered; also, that under no circumstances will rejected manuscripts be returned. a sidelong glance at the lunch, and then look away again, just watch him. He will come up to the bar, order a beer, and then seem to just happen accidentally to see the lunch. He strolls over to it and eats while I'm drawing the beer. He eats again when I put it up on the bar in front of him, when he is about half through, and again when he has emptied his glass. As a general thing, he has a system. For instance, if I have beans, radishes, bologna, bread, and pickles on the counter, he will on the first trip eat a few mouthfuls of beans and take two slices of bread and several of bologna to make a sandwich. After he has got that down he will consume a few pickles and come back to the bar. On his second trip he will take a bologna sandwich, but the third journey is the one that tries me. He thinks he has drunk his beer and is entitled to a little more. So he makes quite a good meal then, and when he has finished his glass he steers for the lunch again, and makes a final attack on it. Then he wipes his mouth on the towel and goes out. Speaking about the towel, there's something about that, too. I never knew a man who ever used a napkin or a free-lunch fiend to use them to wipe his mouth on."

### ILL HEALTH OF YOUNG WOMEN.

Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke, in a letter to the Boston Advertiser, says: It is no wonder that many young women and girls are unhealthy, for their mode of life is one very unhygienic.

They go to bed at night, and fall into a sort of stupor. Why not? Is there one bre th of fresh air in their sleeping-box? no there never, except in the heat of summer, have so much as a crack of the window open? If there is a fireplace in their room, or a stove-pipe hole, d n't they close them up as tight as they can? No wonder it is so hard to wake up in the morning. I can hear them groan and moan and yawn and scold now at the imperative summons to get up. And what do they find on the breakfast table? Sweet fried cake, something in the shape of meat, generally fried, potato either fried or stewed, hot coffee, and probably "griddle-cakes," fried, of course. Now, am not going on a crusade against the frying-pan, for it has its uses; but when I see a girl sit down at the breakfast table with dull eyes, a sallow face, a listless manner, and proceed to make that early meal of strong coffee, sweetened cakes, fried pork, and potatoes, with a sequence of griddle cakes liberally buttered and drowned in molasses, I feel like shutting her up for a week's starvation on bread and water.

Then there is dinner; tough meat, baked vegetables, pie, any kind of a pie with a crust either tough or sandy; tasting strongly of lard and filled with things most convenient. A favorite pie in our country homes is constructed of sliced lemon, flour and molasses, baked in a mass as unfit for the human stomach as a stewed rubber overshoe.

Tea time brings cakes of various sorts, probably more pie, cheese, fruit preserved, and so ill done it is fermented, or canned fruit, which is comparatively harmless, strong tea, and hot biscuit. Repeats fit for

A CASSOWARY.

On the plains of Timbuctoo.

Then to begin the day again. After break st the boys run up-stairs and spread up their bed with all the exhalations of their bodies during the night still more fixed in it. At bedtime they slip into their unaired beds after hanging the dresses they have worn sight or day in a chair in that tight shut closet, and repeat the experience of the night before.

"Now they have sown the seed,
What will the harvest be?"

If it is winter, a heavy cold; the mischief is done, for it breathes over and over air that has no vitality in it, air that is absolutely noxious, become congested more or less, and they begin to feel the sickness. If they have scrofula hidden in their constitutions—and how few people have not—the harvest of this planting will be bronchitis or consumption.

The next crop is dyspepsia; they put into that delicate organ, the lining of the stomach, already disgusted by the hard labor of its next neighbor, the lungs, and wea ened by the slow circulation of vitiated blood, vitiated by the bad air, a mass of indigestible stuff that they call food; at first they do not notice any special effect; they are young and strong and can bear a good deal of physical misfortune without much trouble, but after a time food begins to distress them, life gets very tiresome, they have acid tastes in their mouths, headaches, flatulence. Yes, I know these are unpleasant things to talk of, but they are a great deal more unpleasant to have.

Then they lose their rest, their appetite, strength, courage, cheerfulness.

This is a bad crop; it realizes the primeval curse. "Thorns and briars shall it bring forth unto thee."

### THE CENSOR.

BY BOB BURDETTE.

Going out for a little recreation, my boy? Well, that's right. I like to see you enjoy yourself. I was just talking with your old Uncle George about boys. "I don't know but one place for boys," said your Uncle George, "and that is work. Put 'em to work and keep 'em at work, and it'll map out itself. Keep 'em at work, and a habit of work will grow on 'em. That's the way I was brought up." Thus wisely speaks your old-fashioned Uncle George. You will hurry on to the base-ball grounds I want to say a word about your Uncle George. I knew him when I was a boy. He was a young man then, and the laziest white man, I think, in the State of America. His clothes used to mildew before he had worn about in them enough to wear them out. He could sit longer on a store box, his hat pulled over his eyes, blinking at the sun than any man I ever saw. He didn't waste his time talking politics, because he was too lazy to talk much. He lived with your grandmother, and she used to say that the sun stood still every time it saw George go to the woodpile and pick up the ax. If he did any work at all in his life it was long before your grandmother knew him, for she often said your Uncle George was born that way and she couldn't whip it out of him. Now, I have frequently noticed that men who talked that way—but I am keeping you here and you'll miss your train. I just wanted to tell you this, because your Uncle George has gone to see the base-ball game, and I know he will see you there, and I don't want you to feel discouraged when he tells you how hard he had to work when he was a boy. Well, yes; I don't mind if I do go along with you. I'm pretty fond of labor myself, and I don't know of any harder work than trying to understand a modern game of base-ball and the umpire's decisions. Come along.

### A LESSON TO YOUNG MEN.

Two young men and two young women attended the theater together in St. Louis. At the end of the first act the young men rose and conducted their way out of the row in which they sat and disappeared in the refreshment-room. Their female friends were displeased by the manœuvre, and one young girl proposed that they should also leave and go home. The other thought it best to give the young men another chance. The clove-eaters returned, pushed their way back to their seats, and the play went on, but the young men showed less interest in their attentions. When the curtain rang down on the second act the young men again went out for a drink. Quickly the young women left the theater, took a cab, and went home. The young men, on discovering the empty seats, flushed in the face, and straightway took their departure. It was a good lesson for them.

### THE STYLISH DOMESTIC.

Wife—I'm not going to take the new servant girl along with me any more when I go to market.

Husband—Why not?

"Because she puts on so many airs that people who don't know me think that I am the servant girl and she the mistress."—*Texas Siftings.*

### WOMEN'S WEAR.

The six heads in the accompanying sketch are illustrative of the newest styles in hair dressing. It will be seen that, while they are similar in general effect, the details differ. There is a similarity in the shading of the brows and in the height of the pile at the rear. The outlines produced are apt to harmonize well with nearly all faces, and in that respect they are an improvement over those of several seasons. In every instance the hair is brushed up from the nape of the neck and massed on the crown of the head. Bows of ribbon are the usual adornment, instead of the fanciful pins and combs formerly in use. In connection with this subject it may be formally announced that the Psyche knot is astaggered

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# THE CHICAGO LEDGER.

NOTICE.—*Correspondents will please not confine to this office our exercises and incidents exceeding a thousand words. From 500 to 800 words are the lengths preferred. Please mark number of words on each article.*—ED.

### SLEEP ON, BRAVE BOYS.

BY LILLA N. CUMMAN.

BEHOLD on every hillside,
our brave boys sweetly rest!
Some perished on the battlefield,
some sought loved home to mess, to die
O'er them the first sweet flowers of spring
strew with reverend hand—
Our soldier boys!—whose sons, in turn, inherit their native land

The dear flag waves above them, as in the olden time;
Yet we, who were but children then, have passed our manhood prime!
The mingled drum, our country's flag, these tears still toil
How dear their memory is to us, and we will guard it well!

Sleep on, brave boys! your sacred dust we
strew with violets sweet;
And there's wealth in your kindness grace—for
victors they are meet—
For victors over death are you, and we will
tributes lay
Of immortelles above these mounds on each
Memorial Day!
—*St. Louis Republican.*

### THE SOLDIER'S LIFE.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

"You may take for your hero the man of renown,
But the men with the muskets is mine!"
—*N. S. Taylor.*

I FIND in the "Record of the One Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment New York State Volunteers," that Private Manuel Barrows of Company A, was "in all the battles, and never wounded."

Many others of the regiment had that experience; thousands of men in hundreds of other regiments had the same experience, which prevent it from being a wonderful thing.

Ask any soldier how it was that he escaped death or wounds in any great battle where there was close and protracted fighting, and he will candidly tell you that he does not know. He will be likely to add that it seems almost like a miracle to him that any one could escape.

Then multiply that battle by ten, and if your soldier has participated in all of them, you can get some idea of the stupendous fact if you call it nothing else) that your soldier is not only alive but unhurt.

Think of it! Tens upon tens of lead and iron have been fired at that man. Hundreds, possibly thousands of times, death has passed him by but a finger's breadth. Everywhere about him he has seen carnage and destruction. The air that he breathed has been literally full of it. Yet he has lived to tell of it all, without a mark of the fray upon him.

Only those who have been in the midst of such fiery hells as were at Antietam, in the Wilderness, at Shiloh, and a hundred more, can know how wonderful this is.

There was sometimes something very mournful about the circumstances attending the death of some soldiers who did not perish in battle. Private Abner Bennett, of the same company, was a case in point. In October, 1864, he received a sick-furlough, and started for home. He had a mortal sickness, which was probably known to him; but he hoped to be permitted to die at home, among his kindred. He reached Deposit, New York, when it was seen that he was rapidly sinking. He was removed from the cars to the platform of the station, and there, almost in sight of his home, he expired. Could anything be more pathetic?

The strange effects sometimes produced by the concussion of a bursting shell are seen in the case of Private John E. Johnson, of the same company. In one of the early engagements of the regiment a shell exploded so near him as to shatter his gun, although it inflicted no wound upon him. It did more; it completely upset his nervous system, so that he lost control of his muscles, and was seized with a twitching and jerking that could not be stopped. The doctor said that it was a genuine case of St. Vitus' dance, and he was discharged as incurable in February, 1864.

Private John W. Sage, of the same company, was taken prisoner at the battle of Cedar Creek, with nearly two thousand others. These men were sent to Richmond, and had a prison experience of seven months. In the following spring they began to return, having been exchanged, but Sage never came back. Nothing definite was ever learned about him. He is supposed to have been one of the thousands who suffered and died in prison, but the fact was never determined. Against the names of such stands the bare record, "Taken prisoner," and then all is dark!

The death of two brothers of this company, Edson and Henry Sisson, occurring but a month apart, and under strange circumstances, may be noticed.

The siege of Fort Hudson ended with its surrender July 9, 1863, and our brigade was sent down the river to Donaldsonville, whence we marched some distance down Lake La Fourche to a camp near Thibodeaux. It was called Camp Hubbard, in memory of a gallant captain of Weitzel's staff who had fallen during the siege. The perils and exhausting fatigues of the summer campaign were over, and we were preparing to enjoy a well-earned rest in this fine situation for some weeks. On the 17th of July Edson Sisson fell dead in the company street. The doctor pronounced it heart-disease.

His brother Henry was sick at the Baton Rouge Hospital. On the 22d of August he was discharged for disability. He died the very next day.

Disease—stealthy, lurking disease, often engendered by the climate, claimed as many victims from the soldiers as did the bullet and shell. Death came in every way to the soldier!

One soldier of this company there was whose military experience was cut short by the rude summons of death before he had ever been put to the test of battle. On the evening of September 10, 1861, the regiment reached Baltimore, having been mustered into service on the 9th. On the 13th, Private Richmond Snell died at the Camden Street Hospital of fever. It was the first death in the regiment.

The suffering entailed upon the soldier by painful and dangerous wounds, which, after weeks of lingering, prove fatal, is infinitely greater than that of instant death upon the battle-field. But the soldier could not choose. He had to face his duty, and take whatever it brought him.

Private Wilber F. Young, of the same company, was severely wounded in the leg at Cedar Creek. It was one of those cases, by no means rare, in which the surgeons could not at once decide whether amputation was necessary or even desirable. He was taken the long journey to Harper's Ferry, and thence to Philadelphia. Forty-one days after receiving the injury, he was placed upon the operating-table of one of the great hospitals. He died under the knife.

The reported cases are not many where a man shot through the lungs has survived. Such a wound is usually fatal; the exceptions are few and of a deserve notice. A conspicuous exception was that of General James Shields, who was shot through the lung in one of the battles of the Mexican war, and who lived more than thirty years after. Another exception was Captain Joseph S. Bockee, of Company B of this regiment. At Winchester a ball passed entirely through his left lung. But he was on duty the following winter, and mustered out with the regiment the next June, and, I believe, is still living. It is another exception that soldiers sometimes recover from the most grievous wounds.

By a strange coincidence the First Lieutenant of this company, Isaac Burch, received a mortal bullet-wound in the afternoon at Cedar Creek, as he led the company upon the victorious charge; but his fate was different. He died in twenty-four hours.

I know not how we can pay a better tribute to that grand character in history—the American volunteer of 1861-5—than by telling of the heroism of individuals of his class. When I was adjutant this modest, sterling soldier was a clerk at headquarters, and was as capable as he afterward proved himself to be brave. He steadily rose, as the good soldier is certain to rise. He came First Sergeant, Second Lieutenant and First Lieutenant. At Winchester his cap was clipped through by a ball. While struck at Cedar Creek, he said with the utmost composure to a comrade who helped him a little way to the rear, "I am afraid it is mortal." Losing much blood, he became insensible to pain, and expressed a hope that he might recover. Being gently undeceived, he said, "Very good; it is all right." He directed his watch and ring to be sent to his mother, and gave dying messages for several friends. He died with perfect cheerfulness.

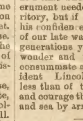
It was a heroic death. Thousands of brave young spirits have as nobly ascended from the battle-field to rest in the great war. The Republic paid a great ransom of blood for its own life.

### A WELL-KEPT WAR SECRET.

PROFESSOR GEO. Frederick Holmes, of Chicago, reveals in the *Congregationalist* a well-kept secret of our late war. He says that the purchase of Alaska by the United States Government in 1867 was really not for the acquisition of more territory, but for the purpose of paying a debt of the war which President Lincoln and Secretary Seward contracted. At the time, during the war, when it looked as though England and France were going to take hold and help the Confederacy in earnest, President Lincoln secured from a Russia fleet of war vessels to help defend our ports and assist in maintaining the blockade of the rebel ports. The presence of Russian vessels off some of our harbors was a mystery at the time, and they departed as mysteriously as they came. Their departure was due to the fact that the apprehended danger from England and France had become inactive, and then the question arose how Russia could be compensated. President Lincoln died, but Seward, not inclined to the missing, of whom there were about 120. In one company, eighty-four strong, every man and officer was hit; and the orderly sergeant who made out the list did it with a bullet through each leg. This is by far the largest regimental loss on either side during the war.

Finally the project of getting Congress to authorize the purchase of Alaska was hit upon and the $7,000,000 that we paid Russia for Alaska was really in payment of the debt bill, and Alaska was thrown in. The secret was so well kept that General W. T. Sherman heard of it for the first time in Russia, and he kept the story to himself until the recent army reunion. Secretary Seward must have shared with some of the Congressmen his secret of the real reason why he wanted Alaska bought at a time when the United States Government needed money more than territory, but if he did they guarded well his confidence. The complete history of our late war is yet to be written, and generations yet to come will read with interest and with admiration of the consummate ability displayed by President Lincoln and his Cabinet no less than of the marvelous patriotism and courage that were displayed on land and sea by army and navy.

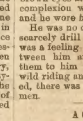
### TURNER ASHBY.



THE character of Brigadier General Turner Ashby of Virginians that of the ideal knight of romance. He was a native of Fauquier County, Virginia, and was a little past thirty at the time of his death. There was nothing of the gasconade or bombast about him, as has sometimes been represented. He was simple in his tastes and habits, and devoutly religious in character. He shunned persistently the dissipations in which young men indulge, caring most for horses and the chase. He was a famous rider and horse-tamer, the best in Virginia, it is said. He was rather small in stature, but very graceful, with brown eyes and a soft, clear voice. His complexion was dark to swarthiness, and he wore his black beard long.

He was no disciplinarian, and could scarcely drill a regiment. But there was a feeling of good comradeship between him and his men which held them to him to the death. Wherever wild riding and hot fighting were needed, there was Turner Ashby with his men.

### A COWARD'S RISE.



WHILE some of the war veterans who were guests of the Twelfth Regiment of New York City, were exchanging reminiscences at the table, one of them whom we sat within the shot of Gen. Sickles told this story:

"When reaching the Army of the Potomac as a recruit for the —— New York Regiment, twenty-five years ago, just before the Chancellorsville campaign, I never heard of a man in my company whose notoriety for cowardice had made him the subject of many jests during the rare reputation of being an incurable poltroon, and the mere crack of a rifle had often thrown him into fits so violent that two of his comrades had to leave the ranks to keep him in order.

"He was with the regiment at Chancellorsville on the night when we began to exchange shots with the enemy in that quarter, and he trembled so violently that he could not handle his rifle. A small cabinet cannon that had been pulled on to a knoll some distance off, and that was playing an independent game apart from the Confederate forces, threw a ball that struck the ground in front of him and scared him out of his wits. He became blind with fright, broke from the ranks, took to his heels, and, not knowing where to go, ran directly toward the battle-gun, which was manned by two old Virginia militiamen in grey, who had undertaken to render their State some service. The two Virginians behind the ridge suddenly saw the infuriated Yank rushing upon them, and, believing him to be followed by his regiment, took to flight, leaving their cannon behind them. The poltroon stood aghast at the unexpected magnitude the piece of artillery which he had captured, and almost simultaneously our regiment, by a rapid advance and a few shots, put to flight a little company of rebels that had been lurking in front, and we held the ground for the time being.

"But the wonderful deed of our comrade who seized the enemy's gun had been witnessed by the mounted General of our division, who happened to be a relative of his, and within forty-eight hours the fellow who had been the laughing stock of the regiment was promoted for gallantry in the field. His subsequent rise was rapid and when I left you he afterward fell wounded at Gettysburg, at the head of the regiment of which he was in command, and that the gray-bearded veteran himself, who now lives in this city on his pension, uses only a spoonful of whitewash in telling the story just told, you will admit that sometimes things are not what they seem."

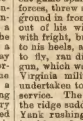
### LARGEST REGIMENTAL LOSS IN THE WAR.

The official casualty lists of the Confederate forces are not so trustworthy as those of the Union side, because they have not had the same careful revision since the war closed, but the tables now accessible, show that the Northern claim was equally true, and that the Northern nerve was equally steady, writes Col. W. F. Fox in the *Century*. The Twenty-sixth North Carolina—Pettigrew's brigade, Heth's division—lost at Gettysburg eighty-six killed and wounded; total, 185, not including the missing, of whom there were about 120. In one company, eighty-four strong, every man and officer was hit; and the orderly sergeant who made out the list did it with a bullet through each leg. This is by far the largest regimental loss on either side during the war.

[Including mortally wounded. The official report states that the regiment "went in (July 1) with over 800 men."

### THE PORT COUNTED NINE.

BY M. QUAD.



AS the sun went down, and darkness began to creep over the face of the earth, the angry artillery died away, and the crackle of musketry was less spiteful. For awhile the fighting on the extreme right hung on, to settle the question of who should pay the old earthworks; but at length dead silence fell upon the whole field.

Silence? No! It was silence compared to the awful roar of the long afternoon, but it was a silence broken by the screams and groans and prayers of wounded men—by the movements of wagons and artillery—by the subdued voices of 75,000 men as they camped for the night without fire, and anxiously debated the chances for the morrow.

The Sergeant marches off to the left at the head of half a dozen men. He drops a man at "1 out No. 1," and gives him whispered instructions. It is the same at Posts 2, 3, 4, etc., until the last man has been stationed.

There must be vigilant, wakeful men between friends and foe while the long night wears away.

"I cut No. 6" is under a great beech tree. Shot and shell have scarred and riven its trunk, and shot and shell have scattered and riven its thick limbs. A quarter of a century hence this tree will bear witness to the terrible struggle of to-day.

From this tree to the edge of that thicket, one of the counters gn is "outs," whisp-red the Sergeant, and as he passes on the picket takes up his beat. He counts 1—2—3—4—5—6—7—8—nine! Yes, there are nine. In the darkness he cannot see the ninth.

Nine! Well, what matters one more or one less corpse upon a field of battle?

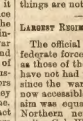
To the tree and turn. To the thicket and turn. As he heads for the tree again his ninth sentinel is in a sitting position and looks after him. A moment later it struggles up, and a figure goes creeping after the picket. The man on the left is cut off, dead and mastered. His footfalls give out no sound. Softly—softly—like a the shadow of a dark-creeping—creeping, and one is close upon the lone picket. There is a gleam of steel in the darkness—a swift and powerful blow, and the picket is passed to watch will watch no more.

Through the gaps the spies will pour in and skulk about the camps; a reprisement will be silently advanced to the city position; the ghouls will scent slaughter and creep up to rob the dead.

The picket had counted, "seven—eight—nine!"

There is no missing corpse. The number has been made good!

### BREAD RIOT IN RICHMOND.



IT was in the early spring of 1863, and in, I think, the second year. Our armies in the field and fleets had been generally successful, and there was as yet little of that great suffering to which the people of the South were afterward to be reduced. The number of men in Richmond made it necessary to employ a large force of women in the various departments of the Government, a great many of them refugees, and many from the oldest and wealthiest of Southern aristocratic families.

The Treasury Department occupied on Broad street in Richmond a large store, and in the store a number of ladies were occupied in numb ring and signing coupon bonds, and others in signing and counting the millions of new two dollar notes with which the Confederacy was flooded.

One afternoon there was a rumor in Richmond that a body of disorderly women and boys had assembled on the Capitol Square, clamoring for bread. It was suspected in the Secretary's office and the Mayor of the city had addressed them in the interest of law and order, and promised them relief.

But as yet little was known for certain, and I gave the rumor little thought, but walked up Broad street the next morning toward the department, now only a few squares off.

"Bread, bread; give us bread!" amid a confused roar of voices, greeted me.

As I turned in alarm, a scene met my eyes that I will not soon forget.

Coming out of a side street was a motley crowd of women and boys surged up in my wake to the very building that was my goal. It was a striking and unique sight—not a man visible, but every woman in the city seemed to be there, yelling for bread.

For me to be thus the unwilling leader of a mob was anything but a pleasant sensation, and hastening my steps, I reached the department just before it was closed against the mob. Halting in front of the building they vainly sought to force an entrance. Fearing that they might have firearms our chief had given orders that the ladies should keep clear of the windows. But Mother Eve's vice got the better of us and we eagerly watched the crowd as they battered at the doors, at the same time demanding that the money should be given to them. Foiled in their attempt to obtain the government's currency, they turned their attention to more accessible plunder. A milliner's shop and a shoe store were quickly sacked and their contents appropriated. Decked with the unlawful spoil, they next proceeded to break in a bakery and appease their famished stomachs by emptying the flour into the streets and trampling the bread beneath their feet. While employed in this congenial occupation they were interrupted by the arrival of a detachment of soldiers sent by the Governor to disperse the rioters. The troops opened fire with blank cartridges, with no other effect than causing a laugh and jeers from the mob, who seemed amused. The plundering was ended, and there seemed no way of dispersing them without using bullets, which the soldiers were unwilling to do. Finally, by charging with the bayonets, the military managed to stampede the crowd without, however, wounding any of them. They returned to their homes and gave no further trouble. To the credit of the women of the South, it should be said that the women who inspired the riot, though in the South, were not of it, but the wives principally of foreigners, who, when the war broke out, went North, leaving their wives to carry on their markets gardens and shops in Richmond, and lately save their property. The leader of the riot, a market gardener, was said to be worth $10,000 in gold. Many of the participants were known to be almost as rich, but their victims were reduced to poverty. The leader of the rioters was sentenced to the penitentiary. It was thought in Richmond that it was concocted with a view of making the cause of the Confederacy appear more desperate than it then was, and thereby bringing it in discredit both at home and abroad.

### DIXIE.

### GATHERING "LORDS."

COLONEL JACK W—— tells a story of a Sergeant of his known regiment, the ——th Texas Cavalry, which ordered and rang the late unpleasantness. Sergeant Willey was a lank, gawky, but impulsive son of the wilds of the Lone Star State; worthless as a soldier, and still worse as a non-commissioned officer, he nevertheless was enabled to maintain his grade, owing to the great lack which in one possessed of procuring forage when all others would fail.

One morning he appeared with a long face before the Colonel's tent and grumbled something against the Sergeant Major of the regiment, with which Colonel W—— finally understood to be a complaint that Willey had been on picket duty out of his turn. The story seemed so plausible when it was clearly placed before the Colonel that the Sergeant Major was summoned to the tent, and in a few minutes it was agreed that an unintentional injustice had been done to Willey, and that Willey was excused.

"Never mind, Willey," said the Sergeant Major, as they walked off together, "when your turn comes again, you shall be exempted from duty."

"That's well enough," grumbled Willey. "But it mayn't be a wet night."

"That doesn't matter, Willey," again said the Sergeant Major. "When the next time for the little trial will be counted as another laurel for you."

Willey left his superior, and for half an hour was noticed wandering about alone, muttering something unintelligible. At last Willey made straight for the Colonel's tent, and without preliminary apostrophe to him in a twangy voice:

"Kernel," he said, "what's a lori?"

"What's a what, Col. W——?

"A lori?" again asked Willey, in a louder tone.

"A what?"

"What's a lori?" this time fairly shrieked Willey.

Col. W—— was now nearly out of patience, and a little informed as before on the "lori" subject.

"Willey," said the Colonel, if you will only be so kind as to attend to your own business, and under what circumstances it was uttered—if you will tell me something about what occurred before or after it was uttered, I may be able to enlighten you."

Willey then explained how the Sergeant Major spoke of his laurels.

"Oh," said Col. W——, "I understand. Well, you see, Willey, when the anthem becomes universal, and hundreds of ladies were occupied in numb ring and signing coupon bonds, and others in stirring and rousing the people to give two dollar notes with which the Confederacy was flooded.

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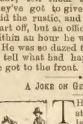
mother of so unsuitable a burden, and to assume your entire charge and expenses for the next three years, without the slightest recourse to the maternal fount for help."

"That's mighty kind of the government; tell them to bring it hither they've got to give up to the farm," said the rustic, and he was about to start off, but an officer seized him, and within an hour he was dressed in blue.

He was so dazed that he could hardly tell what had happened to him till he got to the front.

### A JOKE ON GENERAL SIGEL.



THE following good story is told of the late General Strother (Porte Crayon), who at one time during the war was on the staff of General Sigel. Generals Sigel and Crook were making a raid on the Confederates in Tennessee. Their commands were some distance apart. Each had certain work to do, and then they were to unite their forces at a certain place.

General Crook performed his part well, defeating the Confederates and tearing up a long line of railroad. On the other hand, Sigel was defeated, and had to make a hurried retreat over a pike road, very narrowly escaping capture. As General Sigel was riding along at the head of his command, he heard an explosion of laughter among his staff just behind him. He turned and asked:

"Schentlemens, vy ish it dot you laughs so mooch?"

"Oh, it's nothing, General. It's one of Colonel Strother's little jokes."

"Vas is den dot choke?"

"It's nothing, General; nothing at all. It's only some of Strother's nonsense."

"Vell den dere vas somedings so funny in dot choke, I would laugh a leetle myself."

General Sigel insisted on knowing what "dot leetle choke" was, so his Chief of Staff told him. He said:

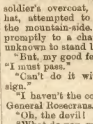
"It's nothing, except Colonel Strother just asked a little commendation. He wanted to know what was the difference between General Crook's command and your command. He says that General Crook was tearing up the railroad, and you came tearing down the pike; that's all."

"May be dot vas a good choke, but it don't seem so funny to me at all. Colonel Strother, do you hear dot?"

### PULL AT ONE END, SURE.

It is related that when Wigfall was fleeing in disguise from the country after Lee's surrender he crossed the Mississippi in company with a detachment of Federal soldiers. Wishing to know, if possible, how the wind blew, he began to curse and rail against the leading Confederates, winding up by inquiring what would be done with that scamp, Wigfall, if they could catch him. The soldiers replied that they supposed they would hang him. "I suppose they would do right, and I would pull at one end of the rope," replied Wigfall, mounting his mule and trotting off westward.

### A HERO OF THE WAR.



LEFTON Sewell Mountain, a short time before the battle fell back to Gauley, in great haste, upon the very night the enemy crossed in the opposite direction, General Rosecrans, who was about in a common soldier's overcoat, and under a slouch hat, attempted to pass the guard on the mountain-side. The guard came promptly to a charge and ordered the unknown to stand back.

"But, my good fellow," cried Rosey, "I must pass."

"Can't do it without the countersign."

"I haven't the countersign, but I am General Rosecrans."

"Oh, the devil! That's played."

"What do you mean?—who do you take me for?"

"Take you for? Why, for what you are—one of them damned old vagoners trying to get out to steal chickens."

This made Rosey perfectly furious, and, what is a wonder, the man broke into a tirade of profanity. The guard responded, and a little theological discussion followed more emphatic than polite. In the midst of it the corporal of the guard, hearing the row, came to the rescue. He recognized the General, and the poor soldier began apologizing.

"Never mind," said Rosey, "you're a good fellow and did your duty, but, my man, you mustn't swear so. You jeopardize your good soul by such profanity."

### SUMNER'S SENSE OF DUTY.

ABOUT the time of the firing on Sumter, says the *Cosmopolitan*, a naval officer, a South Carolinian by birth and education, but who had a warm æsthetic friendship for Sumner, came to him one day in great embarrassment.

"What shall I do," he asked, "if my ship is ordered to the South to coerce my own people?"

"Read your commission, sir," was the answer.

"But suppose my ship is ordered to Charleston?"

"Read your commission, sir."

"But suppose she should bear broadsides against the city of my birth?"

"Read your commission, sir," was again the answer.

"But, Sumner, what if I am ordered to fire on my father's plantation?"

"Read your commission, sir," again thundered the Senator.

This officer, who is still living, did not leave his flag, but was never placed in the terrible embarrassment he pictured for himself.

### DIDN'T WANT TO FIGHT.

In Providence, Rhode Island, in 1864, a rural conscript appeared before the medical enrollment board and asked to be examined for service, that he might return to his country home.

"What are your claims?" demanded the doctor.

"I am entirely dependent upon my mother for support," was the innocent reply.

When the board could recover from laughter, the doctor said:

"Well, that's a disease a great many fellows have; but I can assure you the government is prepared to relieve your

### LIFE'S STORY.

BY GEORGE ELIOT.

Two lovers by a moss-grown spring;
Their leaned soft cheeks together there,
Mingled the dark and sunny hair,
And heard the wooing thrushes sing.
O budding time!
O love's first prime!

Two wedded from the portal step;
The bells made happy carolings,
The air was soft as fanning wings,
While petals on the pathway swept.
O pure-eyed bride!
O tender bride!

Two faces o'er a cradle bent;
Two hands above the head were locked;
These pressed each other while they rocked!
These watched a life that love had rent.
O solemn hour!
O hidden power!

Two parents by the evening fire;
The red light shone above their knees,
But all the hearth by slow degrees,
Like buds upon the lily spire.
O patient life!
O tender strife!

The two still sat together there;
The red light shone above their knees,
But all the heads by slow degrees
Had gone and left the lonely pair.
O vapage fast!
O vanished past!

The red light shone above the floor.
And men o'er the space between them wide;
They drew their chairs up to the fire;
Their pale cheeks joined, and said, "Once more!"
O memories!
O past that is!

# FATE'S REVENGE.

BY MRS. ALICE P. CARRISTON,

AUTHOR OF

"A Waif from the Sea," "Her Brightest Hope," "Wayward Winnifred," Etc., Etc.

[NOTE.—This serial story commenced in No. 16. Parties desiring back numbers should send to the office of publication for them; if they cannot be obtained of their local newsdealer.]

### CHAPTER XVII.

"THE DEVIL HATH THE POWER TO ASSUME A PLEASING SHAPE."

Fortunately for the machinations of Sylphide, who had gained admission to the enemy's camp under cover of the assumed name of Hastings, the family had entirely deserted the lower floor of the mansion, and, for the time being, congregated in the vicinity of Claire's chamber, in their solicitude for the stricken sufferer.

Within that shadowy chamber, through the open windows of which floated the fragrance of the late honeysuckles, whose faintly tinted bells veiled the southern walls like a web of faded tapestry, lay the bride upon her couch, pallid as a snow-wreath, and utterly insensible to her surroundings.

Beside her bed watched her anxious parents, the Doctor, and faithful Martha Dunn; while in the corridor, separated from the group by a closed door, stood the haughty old dame Courtlandt and her son, face to face. The lady had left the sick chamber into the corridor when Martha Dunn had been sent in all haste to summon Lucian to the bedside of his wife, and she had remained concealed in an embrasured window until she had heard his precipitate step mounting the stairs as he followed the good Martha.

Mrs. Courtlandt permitted the woman to enter the silent chamber; then, with the same unsteady tap as a snake, she glided from her ambush to the door, closed it, and turning faced her son.

"One moment!" she breathed, and when he pointed with mute eloquence at the closed door, she added quickly, "You can do no good at present; she is completely unconscious. What I want to say is this: How came that woman here? How dared she intrude?"

Lucian Courtlandt started in genuine amazement.

"Who told you that she——"

"I do not need to be told," she interposed sharply; "my eye is omnipresent in this crisis; I saw her. Lucian, I hope, at least, that this woman has found her way here unbeknown to you—that you have not spoken to her!"

"I *have* spoken to her," came the firm retort; "but I am not the responsible for her being here; indeed, I have sent her away as I ought to do, I think I may promise you, mother, that such a catastrophe is not likely to occur again."

"It shall be my lookout that it does not," was the meaning rejoinder; "I have undertaken this affair," she continued, under her breath, "and I will see it through to my satisfaction, if it costs me my precious soul."

With these words she flung open the door and motioned the son to precede her into Claire's chamber.

Meanwhile, another species of *théâtrie* was on foot below stairs.

Naturally, a pair of eyes dazzled by the glare and brilliancy of the outer world would be obliged to accommodate themselves to the inner gloom of that spacious drawing-room, ere they would be able to distinguish objects with any degree of certainty. This fact must have forced itself upon Sylphide, otherwise she would not have recoiled so suddenly and concealed herself, as that pair of eyes glared in through the blind upon her. Gathering the fluttering gauze of the window drapery about her, she stood there, holding her breath, awaiting—she would have found it difficult to explain what.

Evidently satisfied that the drawing-room was deserted, the quick step became stealthy, and stole along the piazza until it reached the entrance to the main hall; here, no impediment occurring in the way of a stray servant, the intruder advanced, and presently loomed upon the threshold in full view of Sylphide.

It proved to be a man of medium height and slender proportions, lithe and willowy in every limb, but possessed of the virile grace and strength of a panther. The figure, though undersized, might have served as a model for an artist, but it is safe to assume that no artist would have cared to depict the features which surrounded this admirable muscular system. Yet it was not a repulsive face; indeed, there were lines of actual beauty in its swart emaciation. It had a lean and hungry look, intensified at that moment by a rascally gleam in the deepset, flashing eyes.

Sylphide held her breath, and gathered the folds of the drapery yet more closely about her as the stranger glanced swiftly to the right and left of him, and then, evidently satisfied that he was not observed, tip-toed cautiously into the apartment.

Upon a table, within reach of Sylphide's ambush, lay a velvet case, upon the satin cushion of which reposed a string of splendid pearls—the bridal gift of Lucian Courtlandt to Claire. The ornament had been brought down stairs by Martha Dunn, in the hope that her young mistress would consent to wear it during the ceremony, but Claire had turned from the lovely emblems with a shudder, and placing the casket upon the table, Martha had forgotten them in her excitement. Toward this alluring bait the man now stole with outstretched hands, cupidity in his every movement.

In an instant Sylphide divined his nefarious intention, and an intelligent light shot into her thoughtful eyes.

"The man I want!" she thought, with the celerity of lightning; and as his cramped fingers closed upon the gems she suddenly appeared, and snatched the necklace from his grasp.

Naturally, the rascal recoiled with parted lips; but ere he could from a mimicry of dismay her hand raised, and in a swift undertone she breathed:

"Silence! Not a word! I do not mean to betray you, provided——"

"Do you belong to the house?" faltered the fellow, pallid to the very lips with terror.

"No, but I am sufficiently a friend of these people to send you packing to Sing Sing for a term of years. You are a thief!"

"Have mercy!"

"Your name?"

"Camille."

"What brings you here?"

"I came in answer to an advertisement for a strong, and honest man, to wait noon an invalid."

At these words, Sylphide's eyes flashed, until they seemed like two balls of living fire; still, she veiled the satisfaction that surged upon her, and with widened contempt, remarked:

"And you have the face to pose for an honest man?"

"O, madam, do not be hard on me; spare me! perhaps some day I may be able to do you a good turn!"

"Mr.!" sneered Sylphide; "you are presumptuous. No; I have a mind to deliver you to justice."

"Justice!" wailed the guilty wretch; "Could help me, dear lady—ma'am! Lady, I swear to you, that I was born and bred to live an honest life. I have but one desire in the world, and that is to lay up five thousand dollars, enough to buy and stock a little farm, where I may settle down and live like other men. Spare me, and I will belong to you, body and soul. Indeed, indeed, the devotion of a determined man is not to be sneered at!"

Fairly trembling before the magical fruition of her fondest hopes, Sylphide demanded, with admirably assumed scorn:

"How could you serve me?"

"Madam may have enemies," was the crafty reply.

"Enemies?"

"Not at present, perhaps, but one never knows what an unlikely day may and if you will be merciful to me, and not denounce me, I will serve you with unlimited devotion."

"I am not to be bargained with."

"Then I am lost!"

"However, I will—reflect."

"I am saved," thought the fellow, bowing deeply, to conceal the grimace of triumph that distorted his features.

"This evening, when you are at liberty," continued Sylphide, with well-managed hauteur, "you may come to the inn in the village and inquire for Mrs. Hastings. I will think you better over, and decide whether I can so far silence my conscience as to permit your crime to pass unpunished. In the meantime, use your eyes and ears well here. Now, you had better touch that bell, and make your presence known."

As she spoke, she replaced the pearls in their casket and closed the lid. Then she lowered her veil, and opening the apartment, crossed the piazza, and took the sunny path that led along the margin of the lawn, down to the entrance gates.

From behind the closed blind Camille watched her departure, a sinister smile upon his lean countenance.

"Humph!" he muttered. "Set a thief to catch a thief. There's money in that young woman, or she knows how to bluff. Folks say a man can't serve two masters, but I'm willing to try it, and see whether I can't make myself an exception which proves the rule. I'll bet a bottle of wine with any fellow who'll take me up that my pretty friend, Mrs. Hastings, is playing the spy in these parts. Well, we shall see what we will see."

He turned from the window, and paused beside the table. For an instant he stood irresolute, his hand resting on the velvet casket; but suddenly he withdrew it, and smote the bell a ringing peal.

"No, no," he muttered; "the game's not worth the candle. There's no money in the wind to run the risk of being nabbed for a trifle like that."

The summer day had dragged its torrid length to a close, and the shades of night had fallen, accompanied by the ominous mutterings of distant thunder, when the twinkling lights of the village inn discovered the agile figure of the man Camille, as he sauntered into the yard, with a nonchalant air that sat more becoming upon him than his crestfallen deportment of the preceding noon. Swinging into the little hostelry, he inquired for Mrs. Hastings, and was promptly requested to present himself at room number ten.

"Waiting and anxious to secure my services," he muttered to himself with an arch smile as he mounted the stairs.

"Well, I'm already her faithful drudge—for a price."

He favored the pretty maid, Diana, who answered his knock, with a deliberate wink, notwithstanding the fact that Sylphide promptly rose as he appeared.

"You are a reliable person," murmured the lady as she motioned the maid to leave the room.

"My word is as good as my bond," was the daring reply.

Sylphide pointed to a chair, and resumed her seat.

"Have you been engaged?" she inquired.

"Yes, madam."

"In what capacity?"

"To wait upon the young Mrs. Courtlandt; carry her up and down stairs if she is too weak to walk, push the wheeled-chair about the grounds, and drive her phaeton."

"And how is she to-night?"

"Better, much better. She dined with the family. She seemed so strong that they talk of taking her to Newport."

"To Newport!" echoed Sylphide, grasping tightly the arms of her chair.

"Yes, the doctor recommends the change; he thinks that a month by the sea will quite reinstate her health. Mr. Burgess, the father, leaves today—this morning to secure a villa. I am to go with them."

For a moment Sylphide remained in a brown study.

"And my—the child?" she inquired, suddenly.

"The little boy?"

"Yes—yes."

"He goes with his governess also."

"Tell me—has he been much with Mrs. Courtlandt during the day?"

"Constantly. He even insisted that she should sit with him while he fell asleep."

"Ah!"

Camille's sharp eyes were upon the woman's face as the gasping exclamation left her compressed lips. So great was her mental absorption that for the moment she seemed oblivious to his scrutiny, and Camille had ample opportunity to come to the astute conclusion:

"That child is her own! That's my clue to work on!"

"Camille!" suddenly exclaimed Sylphide, coming to herself with a guilty start.

"Yes, madam," was the quiet reply.

"I do not wish to consider you a dishonest man; indeed, I do not believe you are one."

"Thank you, madam."

"Although you yielded to a moment of temptation, I am convinced that you repent."

With an assumption of the utmost humility, the fellow lowered his eyes, murmuring:

"Madam, I do repent," adding mentally, "she's skirmishing!"

"I am sorry that I am unable to employ you myself," continued Sylphide; coldly the face that edged her handkerchief; "however, as you already have a position——"

"One desire much prefer to serve madam," came the cunning reply.

She glanced up at him, her whole soul in her great blue eyes.

"I may safely depend upon you?"

"I do not intend to lose sight of you or your interests," she said; "when I can assist you, I shall be happy to do so."

"Madam has a generous soul."

It was dismond cut diamond, though he alone enjoyed the advantage of being aware of the fact.

"It is, then, decided that you go to Newport with the Courtlandts?" she inquired, after a brief pause.

"It appears to be."

"And when do you start?"

"On Saturday—the day after tomorrow."

"Well, your living is assured while young Mrs. Courtlandt lives, but——"

"That's what I've been thinking of," exclaimed the fellow; "when she dies I shall be cast adrift, with nothing on earth to do."

Sylphide slowly arose and crossed to the table that occupied the center of the room.

"That need not disturb you," she said, almost beneath her breath.

"And not me, madam?" inquired Camille, wonderingly.

"In the event of your losing your place with the Courtlandts, I will provide for you."

"That is very kind of you, madam, but——"

She had been looking down at some books which lay upon the table, but she now turned abruptly and transfixed him with her glance.

"You are too much of an adventurer to be a clown," she breathed; "whatever else you may be you are not stupid—of that I am morally certain. Now, listen to me. So long as you remain in the service of Mrs. Courtlandt, your wages are assured to you—you will have something in your pockets, but," and here her burning eyes seemed to scorch his pallid face, "on the day that you shall bring me tidings of the death of that unfortunate infant, that day you shall receive the five thousand dollars that you would perjure your soul to obtain!"

Ten minutes later, and Sylphide stood alone before her mirror, she glanced into her distorted features, murmuring:

"My God, have I been talking to no purpose? Can it be that he does not understand me?"

Meantime, trudging homeward through the blinding rain, his way illumined by the flare of the lightning, his ears stunned by the crash of the thunder, Camille smiled gravely, as he said to himself:

"The question is, am I in a hurry to settle down on my farm, or am I not? If I am, then the young woman won't enjoy an entire season at Newport; if, on the other hand, I am not—B-r-r-r!" as he covered his eyes from the lightning, "what touching confidence my friend, Mrs. Hastings, has been in me! It's really too sweet for anything!"

### CHAPTER XVIII

"'TIS MORE BRAVE TO LIVE THAN TO DIE."

Toward midsummer a charming scene was depicted, one perfect morning, beneath the branches of a spreading beech that flung its shade broadcast over the lawn, hemmed by the world-famed Cliffs of Newport.

Clad in a flowing *peignoir* of faintest violet cashmere, her luxurious golden-bronze hair looped at the back of her charming head with a silver pin, Claire, reclined in a deep (Chinese chair, an open book upon her lap. With both his chubby hands spread upon the page, stood little Leon, attired in a rollicking sailor's suit of snowy duck, his great black eyes fixed upon his foster-mother's face with solemn intentness.

They had been enjoying the morning's reading-lesson together, and had paused at a "new word," according to the tiny gentleman's dictum. At that moment the elder Mrs. Courtlandt, "Madame" Courtlandt they called her to distinguish her from her daughter-in-law, swept down the steps of the vine-draped villa and approached the pair.

"Is it quite prudent for you to sit here, my dear?" she inquired of Claire.

"Why not, mother darling?" she returned, slowly marking the loving gaze from the boy's studious face.

"Because the grass must be damp after the dense fog of last night."

"Camille has attended to that," said Claire; "do you not see he has given me a rug for my feet? But, mother, speaking of the fog, do you know I lay awake listening to hear the Sound boat from New York beat and throb up the channel, but I did not hear it. Lucian was to be on board. What if some accident has happened?"

"He has been merely delayed," was the comforting reply; "it came in while we were at breakfast."

"And Lucian——"

"Is here," cried a cheery voice, and Courtlandt stepped to his wife's side. With a low cry Claire started to her feet, the rosy tint of the sea-shell mantling cheeks and brow.

"Lucian!"

"Claire!"

He caught her involuntarily outstretched hands in his, and drawing her toward him imprinted a kiss upon her brow.

"Claire," he said, his voice vibrant with passion, "how well you look! Thank Heaven, this venture has proved a success!"

"Yes," she murmured, "I am much better."

"For which God be praised!"

Madame Courtlandt alone noted the morbid changes in Claire, and frowned. Meanwhile, Lucian had relinquished himself to the boisterous welcome of his little Leon.

"Well, my boy," said Courtlandt, when the siege upon his lips had been raised, "what were you doing here when I interrupted you?"

"Taking my reading lesson," was the sturdy reply.

"Then pray proceed," rejoined Lucian, smiling. "Let me judge of your progress."

With an effort Claire found the place, and the lesson began again.

"Shall never forget this word," remarked Leon; "he—hop—hope. Oh, it is hope."

"Yes, my darling," whispered Claire. "Hope! That's a fine word, is it not, white mamma?"

"Yes, sir."

"What does it mean?"

"It means," faltered poor Claire, "it means the essence of life—is—ask your papa."

"What does hope mean, papa?" asked the boy, turning upon Courtlandt; "mamma does not seem to know."

"Claire!" murmured Lucian, reproachfully.

But she hung her head without reply.

"She says that it is the essence of life," persisted the boy; "is he bread?"

"Yes, yes, my darling," answered Courtlandt; "it is the bread of the soul."

In a fortunate relief to the tense situation, Camille suddenly appeared crossing the lawn with a tray upon which rested a goblet filled with a cold drink.

"Madam's potion," he said, placing his burden upon a rustic table at Claire's side; "I know how to retrace his steps, he muttered under his breath, "one more step toward my fortune."

Mother and son failed to note either the sinister glance upon the lackey's face, or the fascinating glance with which Claire contemplated the draught, for the former had turned toward the house, while the latter rose gently, pressing her handkerchief to her lips.

"Yes, Leon," she said, struggling to steady her voice, "one of these days you will understand that hope is the invisible hand of God which sustains those who are already drooping beneath the cross; it is the voice of the Lord which speaks in mystery to the souls of the afflicted, bidding them live for their love's sake. But when that voice is silenced, when that support is withdrawn, then hope takes wing and flies with it."

"Claire!" exclaimed Courtlandt; "Claire, you are unjust!"

"Unjust—I?" came the faltering reply.

"Yes. Is not God granting you renewed health in every breath you inhale? Have my mother, the doctor, all who surround you been sparing in their love and attentions?"

"No. And they know that I have not been ungrateful. Yet I grow stronger each day the joy and satisfaction that gleam in their eyes I know to be genuine, and yet—and yet—my happiness is not dependent upon my death, since my life does not hold them in bondage."

"Oh, Claire, Claire!" cried the man, "you are cruel, very cruel!"

His voice arrested the attention of Madame Courtlandt, who had wandered out into the mellow sunshine with her grandson; she returned now, but until Claire had whispered in a swift undertone:

"Forgive me, Lucian! I do not mean what I say. I am excited, dispirited; let me walk with Leon and regain my composure."

"Ought you not to take your potion?" he asked, solicitously, pointing toward the table.

"There is no hurry," she answered, with a sad shake of the head; "its strength will not lessen by keeping. Later—I will take it."

With these words she received little Leon's hand and led him away toward the fragrant garden that fringed the sea.

In silence mother and son watched the pair depart, and not until they were out of ear-shot did Mrs. Courtlandt exclaim with ominous menace in every word:

"Lucian, are you mad?"

"*Mad*, mother?" he retorted, in amazement; "what do you mean?"

"Why do you stay away from us in New York? Do you seek to shun Claire?"

"Yes!"

"What has the poor child done to you that you should treat her thus?"

"God God!" came the passionate reply, "do you not see that I cannot remain with her without loving her? She has stolen my heart out of my keeping."

"Yet she believes herself disdained, even hated by you. Ah, I will soon undeceive her now"

He laid his hand upon her arm with a grip of iron.

"What would you do?" he gasped.

"Tell her that you love her."

He relinquished his grasp and recoiled a step.

"If you do that," he cried, "if you do that I shall never dare to look in her face again. I should blush, not for the love which God has placed in my bosom, but for the perjury I am committing. I grant you that the bonds which bound me to another are broken, but all the same *she* is the mother of my child. I have ceased to love that woman, but while she lives and leads an honorable life I will not permit myself to love again!"

For an instant the haughty old lady paused in intent thought; then a vicious smile crept into her steely eyes.

"So be it," she answered; "but if you are only waiting for this woman Couramont to commit some perfidy or treason, set your mind at rest."

"What do you mean? What would you do?"

"Nothing—*until I have my proofs*."

The approach of Camille with the morning's mail cut short this significant interview, and the pair separated, Lucian going in the direction of the stables, while Mrs. Courtlandt retraced her steps into the house.

Left to himself, Camille crept into the shadow of the beech tree, and stealthily extracted a letter from his pocket.

Perused queer about this," he muttered, unfolding the missive and mumbling over its contents: "Had the invalid gone, already taken her passage for the next world, you would now be sufficiently rich to go and live where you choose. Your late irregularities in Boston have come to light, and are known to those who have it in their power to crush you. Consequently, it is the advice of an unknown friend not to delay longer, but keep your eyes open to your interests.' An unknown friend! Bah! it can't be pretty Mrs. Hastings; how could she know that I had ever set foot in Boston. Whoever it is, they're on my track, and the sooner I give 'em the slip the better." With a hasty glance about him, he drew a phial of colorless liquid from his inner pocket, and contemplated it with a steady scrutiny.

"Small dose does it seem to be doing the work," he muttered; "she's stronger than I thought she was. Well, here goes the last trick! Hit or miss, I've got to save my precious skin."

With the sinuous glide of a serpent he crept to the table, and with a hand made steady by desperate resolution he emptied the complete contents of the phial into Claire's potion.

For one instant he stood, fascinated by the jewel-like bubbles that rose tremulously to the surface of the liquid and vanished; then suddenly he recoiled with a gasp of dismay.

"Camille!"

The voice that smote his guilty ear was the voice of his innocent victim.

He raised his craven eyes.

Claire, with a kindly smile upon her lips, had entered the umbrage of the beech tree.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]


## Look Here, Friend. Are you Sick?

Do you have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back? Do you feel dull and sleepy? Does your mouth have a bad taste, especially in the morning? Is there a sort of sickly slime collects about the teeth? Is your appetite poor? Is there a feeling like a heavy load on the stomach, sometimes a faint, all-gone sensation at the pit of the stomach, which food does not satisfy?

Are your eyes sunken? Do your hands and feet become cold and feel clammy? Have you a dry cough? Do you expectorate greenish colored matter? Are you hawking and spitting all or part of the time? Do you feel tired all the while? Are you nervous, irritable and gloomy? Do you have evil forebodings? Is there a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly? Do your bowels become costive? Is your skin dry and hot at times? Is your blood thick and stagnant? Are the whites of your eyes tinged with yellow? Is your urine scanty and high colored? Does it deposit a sediment after standing? Do you frequently spit up your food, sometimes with a sour taste and sometimes with a sweet? Is this frequently attended with palpitation of the heart? Has your vision become impaired? Are there spots before the eyes? Is there a feeling of great prostration and weakness? If you suffer from any of these symptoms, send me your name and I will send you, by mail,

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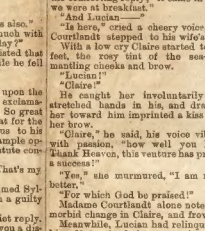

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For Peach, the Pigeon that flies in the air,
For Peach with a sting in its nose;
For Faucet and Pen, for Printer and Press,
For Physic, and Physician, and Pain.
But when you are sick, to relieve your distress,
Take of Ayer's Pectoral Vegetable Pills.

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NO TRAIT of character is more valuable in a female than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn by the toils of the day, and if nothing is a word dictated by a good disposition! It is sunshine falling on his heart. He is happy, and the cares of like are forgotten.

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# THE CHICAGO LEDGER.



### THE SLEEPERS.

BY PANSIE FORRESTER.

Behold them slumbering side by side,
Fair smiling youth and hoary age;
One dreams of worldly pomp and pride,
Where men a godless warfare wage;
The other dreams of Summer's show,
Bright sunshine, warbling birds and flowers.

One brow is marked with lines and care,
Which shows the world-worn spirit scarred;
The other gleams 'neath auburn hair
Like a fair star through parting leaves;
One heart is grasping, proud and cold,
The other generous, warm and bold.

One breathes a long, dreary sigh,
And dreams of earthly gain or loss,
As with a keen, searching eye,
He counts once more his glittering dross;
The other bounds with joyous trend
O'er fields of clover white and red.

A green escapes the old man's lips,
A groan of mingled rage and pain,
For lo! his schemes, like phantom ships,
Have vanished 'neath the treacherous main.
He stretches forth one wrinkled hand
To find his treasured bonds at hand.

From parted lips of tender bloom
A trill of merry laughter steals,
While fairy music fills the room,
The happy boy in dreamland kneels
Above a little crystal stream,
Where rushes wave and pebbles gleam.

And he beholds with sparkling eyes
His ship—a water lily—glide
Beneath the rosy tinted skies,
Right bravely form the dimpling tide.
His bark no sordid hopes doth bear,
And thieves, no, he cares not there.

Hark! now the dreaming worldling speaks:
"The path to wealth, how drear, how long!"
"Ah!" cries the boy, with glowing cheeks,
"How lovely is the skylark's song,
High soaring 'mid the blue and gold,
Forever singing, 'God is love!'"

And when the morning sun shall rise
To charm away the mists of night,
The boy will greet with dimpled eyes
A world of beauty hailed in light,
For a fond mother's morning kiss
Will ope its golden gates of bliss.

But the poor worldling, what of him?
Will he not seek the boys' mart,
Like some gaunt spectre grim and grim,
To joy where his withered heart?
For life is empty, vain and cold
To him who only seeketh gold!

## VICTORIOUS IN DEFEAT.

BY V. M. HAROLD.

To assert that the masculine admiration of the entire village was centered upon Miss Margaret Gray, was to speak mildly. The young woman possessed absolutely everything in the way of masculine attention that was worth having, and a good deal that was not. There was not a youth in the neighborhood, of good character or bad, handsome or ugly, brilliant or stupid, who had not at some time or another become interested in her presence. In the midst of it all she was placid and non-committal, preserving a mild exterior,—thinking it was the most delightful, and that no one was to blame for any personal misery that might exist except the creator of the ball who did not ask for admiration, but she held it gracefully, and did not permit any gratification that it might cause her to show itself in her deportment to her friends.

The other girls had long ago learned to regard her supremacy as something inevitable and established, and they knew that the tall, grave-eyed girl so fair outrivaled them, in every loveliness that it was stupid to envy and folly to hate her.

Of course a host of admirers that formed Miss Gray's court, there were two who were acrediting with having succeeded in distancing the rest. They were John Lee and Edgar Stone—the first a tall, athletic fellow just out of college and about to graduate into a full-fledged lawyer; the other a handsome, delicate stripling with at present no other apparent object in life than to make existence as pleasant as possible for a fond mother, who worshiped him as only doting mothers can worship.

The scientist of observers would have had difficulty in determining which of these two young men Mi s Gray preferred. Her impartial course, when the passion of both had become notorious, caused her some rather stern criticism from the other young women of the place, who, perhaps not unnaturally, heartily desired that she should bestow her affections somewhere and give somebody else a chance. As is usual in such cases, John and Edgar entertained for each other the choicest and most orthodox sentiments of envy, hatred, loathing, contempt.

Nor was it to be wondered at that they should, with such sentiments as these, reach the understanding that a personal encounter was the only manly and satisfactory method whereby it could be decided which of them should be compelled to discontinue his attentions to Miss Gray.

The challenge, I believe, came from John and was accepted with an alacrity that showed Edgar's thorough coincidence with his rival's wishes. It was all arranged very speedily, being by no means the first instance of the kind in the village. The night before the meeting, fully half a hundred of the "boys" were let into the secret, and all preliminaries arranged with highly commendable expeditude and dispatch.

The sun shone brightly as the rivals, at 9 o'clock the next morning, walked into a miniature ring formed by the spectators. As they stood facing each other stripped to the waist, Tom Wharton, an ungainly youth of somewhat unsavory repute, but an acknowledged authority in such affairs, announced in a few words that the fight was a fight of honor; that the one who should be whipped was clearly to understand that entirely whatever claim he might possess to the regard of the young lady involved in the dispute. It was an old custom, Tom said, and a good one, and might the best man win.

In thrilling silence the group of young men and boys formed themselves in a compact circle about the adversaries, who were already glaring fiercely into each other's eyes. In some of the on-lookers, it is to be feared, their rayed a secret desire to see both men badly mauled. For should not that kind both of them to quit the field and leave the object of their combined devotion open to siege from other sources?

The fight had not proceeded far before it became evident to all that Edgar was a whipped boy. And no one wondered at it. His arms, though pretty moulded and muscular enough in their way, looked almost puny beside the burley ones of his antagonist. But he battled gamely. Time and again did John's sturdy thwacks fall squarely upon his white cheeks and bleeding forehead. His cheeks were bruised and sore; his girlish, sensitive mouth, even, was swollen in an equally painful fashion. Yet he fought on. Every now and then a shout went up as John received a well-directed blow from Edgar plumb between the eyes or straight upon his cheeks. It was a gallant battle, and would have been an agreeable sight had some good cause existed for it. But the end was not long coming, for a heavy blow from John's sledge-hammer fist, delivered straight from the shoulder, and with all the force of a four year's course in a gymnasium, struck Edgar fairly upon the jaw with a sound like that of a heavy stone falling upon a lump of clay. He toppled over upon the ground in a heap, and lay there limp and lifeless. He could not respond to the call to proceed, and was duly declared vanquished. For seven long minutes he remained unconscious, and was then helped away to the river side, where he washed his wounds and then departed, feeling very dizzy and weak, in the direction of his home.

It was some days before the intelligence of the combat reached the ears of Miss Gray. Coupled with the intelligence of the affray came no intimation as to the cause and we left to suppose that the youths had quarreled on some trifling matter and had resorted to the encounter as a means of settling their dispute. Edgar's mother was told a similar story, and while her son succeeded in convincing her that his course had been the proper one, it did not serve to ally her womanly resentment against the girl who had administered to him such an numerous pounding.

So the days wore on. Edgar kept his word faithfully and remained away from her. She attributed the absence at first to the very natural desire on his part to keep quiet until the force of his notorious whipping had in a measure died out. But when the days lengthened into weeks and weeks into a full month without his making his appearance, she grew curious and, finally, angry.

Not being on terms of intimacy with Edgar, I am unable to say, of course, just how much of a trial his enforced absence from the object of his affections was to him. His mother, however, was quick to note the change in his every-day demeanor. She hums no longer rang with his joyous laughter; he moved about like a languid specter of his former self.

And John Lee? Well, he availed himself of the full value of the privilege that his encounter gave him and had gained for him. He visited Miss Gray as often as she would let him, and this was often enough; because her power at what was to her the incomprehensible conduct of Edgar, seemed to merit some sort of reprisal on her part.

To the eyes of the world it seemed as though John's triumph had not procured him all of the favor in Miss Gray's eyes that would have naturally easily procurable by reason of his now uninterrupted intercourse with her. The affair was working very closely by those who had witnessed the fight and by them it was remarked that John bore anything but the attitude of a successful lover.

It happened one day when Edgar could count up five full weeks of his forced hiding from the object of his affections, that he was sitting, in the decline of the afternoon, in a very disconsolate mood on the bank of the little river that skirted the town. He had been fishing, but with poor success, and his rod lay neglected on the ground beside him. He must have sat there for an hour, when, by a sudden impulse, he arose to his feet, shook himself together, and turned his face in the direction of his home. He had no more than gathered up his rod, when he encountered the grave, studious gaze of Miss Gray, who had emerged silently and unobserved from the shadow of a cluster of alder bushes. It was the first time that he had set eyes upon her since the night preceding the "hall."

Almost a minute passed without a word being exchanged; then Miss Gray said, very calmly: "Where have you been, Edgar?"

It is unnecessary to repeat the dialogue which ensued. Suffice it, the course of fifteen minutes Edgar realized that by remaining where he was he was directly violating the contract he had pledged himself to keep. He turned abruptly aside, and, with a muttered apology, began to move away.

Somehow or other Miss Gray sprang to Miss Gray's eyes. She placed a detaining hand upon his arm, lightly but firmly. Then, for the second time in her ness I know not, the next thing that happened was that she subsided gracefully into the grass at his feet, and remained there apparently content, and exhibited no desire to affect a change of any sort in the situation.

To the sympathetic observer the picture would have been decidedly interesting. It is hardly to be supposed, however, that John,—who by some eccentric prank of fate—at that very instant made his appearance around the identical curve of alder bushes from which Miss Gray had but a few moments before emerged.

His story were needless, but each of the two pairs of ears detected his presence at the same moment. The culprits sprang apart and stood looking very guilty and sheepish before his angry gaze.

John's handsome features worked convulsively for a moment. "Edgar," he cried, angrily, "you can keep your promise no better than you can fight, I see."

Edgar made one step forward, but at the very moment his hand was raised to strike his rival, Miss Gray stepped quickly in between them. "Remember," she said, "what promise was there?"

Neither of the young men spoke for a minute, and then, choking down something like a sob, poor fellow, Edgar undertook to explain: "I tried to tell you some little time ago, Miss Gray," he said, quietly, "the chief provision of my contract"—with a sneering emphasis on the last word—"was that I should voluntarily absent myself from you until such a time as Mr. Lee should succeed in possessing himself of your affections; and I will ask you, as a particular favor, to inform Mr. Lee that this meeting between us was entirely unintentional; was the first in six weeks, and was entirely unsought for on my part."

Across Miss Gray's face there broke the light of a sudden understanding. "And is it true," she asked, haughtily, "that this ridiculous pledge, or contract as you call it, was one result of the disgraceful fight that took place the last time you two met, and which I am now led to suppose took place entirely on my account?"

The looks of the two men constituted a dumb affirmative to her inquiry.

"Then, she declared, drawing herself up proudly, "I would have you understand this: that I consider myself to have been grossly insulted by the conduct of both of you, but that my contract between you in which I was concerned, but was in ignorance of the terms of, can be accepted or nullified by me as well as by you. I will take the opportunity of informing you, Mr. Lee, that had I been aware upon what terms you had secured the right to torture me with your presence in the enforced absence of Mr. Stone, I should not have endured it as long as I have done. In conclusion, I think you are a pair of fools, but in my opinion Mr. Stone is decidedly the more injured and the more contemptible of the two." With which parting shot Miss Gray, without making any further comment, walked off rapidly and left the two young men to themselves.

Silence reigned for a couple of minutes after she had left, then John Lee and Edgar Stone met in a queer smile on his face and silently extended his hand. Edgar grasped it closely and assented with a friendly smile when John remarked, "I was too badly rattled to catch the full meaning of her remarks, but I reckon me that the last part of them came very near hitting the truth. If anything that I can say can aid my cause in her smashing of the contract, consider that I have said it. Go, shead, old man, and may you have better fortune, if you have not already secured it, than I have met with."

That night when Edgar bade Miss Gray a lingering good night across the miniature gate that separated her garden from the roadway, she conceded that if he had been a fool it was very sweet for such a bright boy to consent to stultify himself for her sake.

### BILL NYE CHALLENGES SULLIVAN.

To Colonel John Lawrence Sullivan, Boston, Mass.: Sir—I have only been waiting till I could get trained down so fine that removing my spectacles and the cotton from my ears would make the difference in my weight, and now that I have reached that point I yearn to get hold of you.

I now challenge you, John Lawrence Sullivan, late of England and France, but now of Boston, Mass., to meet me in any where in the United States or any foreign monarchy where fair play will be assured to both, either in a sixteen, twenty or twenty-four foot ring, with bare knuckles, to talk into a photograph to a finish, for $50,000 a side, the gate receipts and the championship of the world.

I select as my timekeeper a large four-pound Waterbury watch, and name as my seconds Noah Webster and Lydia E. Pinkham.

In case we are broken up by the police, before the contest is finished, the purse shall go to the one having the best of it at the time of the interference.

As my bottle-holder I select ex-Governor St. John, of Kansas, and as a sponger I shall bring an acquaintance of mine who borrows my umbrellas and sells them.

It shall also be a part of the agreement that the press shall be fully and freely represented, each correspondent or reporter to have his expenses paid to and from the contest by the losing party, whether the place selected be in this country or in Europe.

All kinds of talk shall count. Everything goes—slang, low, brag, blasts, old lectures, second-hand responses to old toasts, italicised wind, old Fourth of July orations, examples for other pugilists, and impassioned appeals for some one to lick will score. Each man shall strip at less than 170 pounds, and be allowed a bale of tin foil and a box of bronchial troches.

The free list shall be suspended, with the exception of members of the press, the Prince of Wales and such of your favorite wives as you desire to favor with tickets.

The time occupied shall be six days, or to a finish, straightway or otherwise, catch-can. No profanity to be allowed and no language to be used which the press shall consider improper for publication.

Each contestant shall be entitled to a copy of his remarks made during the encounter and may copyright the same for publication in book form afterward.

I am no pugilist, but when pugilism gets down to such a contest of conversationalist and conservator of Gab, I think it is a shame that you have remained unchallenged so long. I may be no match for you, but if you will meet me on the above terms and the boys will see that we have fair play, I will promise you that I will make it interesting for you, and that so far as I am concerned it shall be no hippodrome.

BILL NYE.

### SMOKE AND ASHES.

Pipe lines—Ode to tobacco.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

Cigars are dear.—*Boston Post.*

Jay Gould says he never smoked but one cigar. We don't blame him if it was a two-for-five.—*Burlington Free Press.*

It is asserted that smoking produces selfishness. We always wondered why a chimney was so "stuck-up."—*Drake's Magazine.*

One of the hardest things which youth has to bear is a whipping on account of the smell of some other fellow's cigar in his clothes.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"Have a cigar, Fred? There's something I can recommend." "Just so; but, if it's all the same to you, I prefer something you can smoke."—*Boston Transcript.*

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The attention of readers is called to this department, which we desire to make a special feature of The Ledger, and which is open to all correspondents. We will endeavor to answer all our answers reliable. Parties asking questions will bear in mind that under no circumstance will the addresses of business houses be given.

The Ledger is a copyrighted publication, and manuscripts with authors' rights reserved cannot be accepted. Rejected manuscripts will be consigned to the waste basket as soon as received, & stamps are not inclosed for their return.

M. A. K.: Tetino marks can only be removed by blistering, or removing the coloring matter with a knife.

Housekeeper: To prevent stoves from rusting, oil them with sweet oil; apply when perfectly clean. There will be no unpleasant odor when the stove is heated.

Mary E. writes: Where oceans the line, "My true love hath my heart, and I have his?" *A.* It is from a poem by Sir Philip Sidney, and is the opening line of the poem.

A Builder wants information in regard to making wood imperishable. A German recipe for coating wood with a substance as hard as stone is this: Forty parts of chalk, fifty of resin, and ten of linseed oil, melted together. To this should be added one part of oxide of copper, and afterward one part of sulphuric acid. The last ingredient must be carefully added. The mixture, while hot, is applied with a brush.

Mollie Rashes, Brooklyn, writes: "1. What is meant by a widow's dower? 2. Can the husband will his wife the income from one of his properties, and have it hold the place of dower? 3. Are stocks and bonds real estate?" 1. The use of one-third of the real estate during her life. 2. Yes, but the widow can take her choice and decide will take dower, or what is willed her. 3. No; real estate is land and buildings.

Sra. Scourge, Allegheny City: Most newsdealers east of Ohio sell the Ledger. Of course when a dealer gets his papers far from the office of publication, and has a pay heavy expressage, he cannot afford as low as those nearer Chicago. Would it not be a good plan to subscribe for the four richest men in America are Wm. K. Vanderbilt, Wm. B. Astor, Jay Gould and J. W. Mackay. We receive one or two cent postage stamps in payment for subscriptions.

Esra Beuffford: 1. A book, a silk kerchief for the neck, a set of studs, a nice umbrella, a set of standard works. 2. You can procure such a guide at any book-store. The French work can be found at a foreign bookstore; ask for what you want. 3. For "freshworms," dig them from the skin and apply a glycerine wash. Diluted camphor is also good. Bathe in tepid water. 6. The lines you refer to are found in a poem by Moore.

Five—Send Five cents in stamps for Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorative and Nerve Restorative Book. Sent free by Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia.

MEN AND WOMEN can have fun without danger. No. 3, 25c.; 6, 50c.; 12, $1. Box 631, Chicago.

LIVE LETTERS Send 10 cents, or no attention, and 20 cents of postage stamps, and we will send you a package of Live Letters. Address, Chicago Novelty Co., Chicago, Ill.

$250 Lives at home and make more money working for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex. Costly outfit free. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

LADIES! Send your name and address on a postal card and we will send you a sample of our Dress Stay Lacing, which will please you. Address, Dress Stay Co., Chicago, Ill.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples, worth $5.00, FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write quick. Address, STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

## The Lady

Who has fine Hair, and desires to preserve its color, abundance, and lustre, should use **Ayer's Hair Vigor** as a dressing. It keeps the scalp clean and cool, and is by far the most exquisite toilet preparation in the market.

E. M. Johnson, M. D., Thomas Hill, Mo., says: "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor in my family for a number of years, and regard it as the best hair preparation I know of. It keeps the scalp clean, the hair soft and lively, and preserves the original color. My wife has used it for a long time I used three bottles, I had a fine head of hair."

## Ayer's Hair Vigor,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

$230 A MONTH, Agents Wanted, 30 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample Free. Address, JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

LADY AGENTS clear $150 Monthly with new Rubber Undergarment. Address only. Pearl Mfg. Co., 176 Fulton St., New York.

MAMALENE Develops the Bust. Charges Hollow Cheeks, Neck and Arms. Sent by mail for 50c. Address, WILCOX SPECIFIC CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

LOW LIFE IN NEW YORK—Sensational Book. Agents Wanted. Sells at sight. Outfit free. Address, GLOBE PUBLISHING CO., CHICAGO.

TANSY PILLS! Safe and Sure. Send 4c. for "WOMAN'S SAFE GUARD." Wilcox Specific Co., Phila., Pa.

HUSBAND WANTED. Lots for all ages, sizes and conditions. Send 10c. for "Husband Directory," containing 1,000 names and addresses of marriageable persons. Address, HUSBAND PUBLISHING CO., 87 N. CLARK ST., CHICAGO.

CATARRH SAMPLE FREE. To prove CATARRH SAMPLE FREE. To prove our cure fails we can cure you. Address, DR. BLANCHARD & CO., Boston, Mass.

"POINTERS," 32 page pamphlet, sent free. Address, Dr. E. C. WEST, 162 State St., Chicago, Ill.

Mention The Chicago Ledger when writing to Advertisers.

Ayer's Beard Elixir restores Gray Hair to its original color. Produces a luxuriant growth. Prevents Baldness. Cures Dandruff and all Diseases of the Hair. Sold by Druggists.

Mention The Chicago Ledger when writing to Advertisers.

10 CENTS delivers pay for your address in the Agents' Directory, containing 5,000 names of agents in the United States, and you will get hundreds of answers, mostly from females, wanting correspondence, and from those who want agents. You will get lots of mail and your name will be in print. Try it. You will be pleased with the small investment. List contains Agents' Directory, Chicago, Ill.

Mention The Chicago Ledger when writing to Advertisers.

Goff's Giant Globules are the most powerful Kidney and Urinary Remedy ever discovered. Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail, $1. Goff Medicine Co., Cincinnati, O.

Mention The Chicago Ledger when writing to Advertisers.

When writing to advertisers, mention this paper if you wish a prompt reply to your letter.

LADIES "Carter's Relief for Women" is safe and always reliable; better than Ergot, Cotton, Tansy or Pennyroyal Pills. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, $1.00. Circulars free. Sold by druggists, or we will send full particulars for a 3c. stamp. The Chicago Medicine Co., Chicago, Ill.

TURKISH HAIR GROWER. Warranted to grow a beautiful moustache on the smoothest face or hairless head in 30 days. Sent by mail, postpaid, for 50c. No stamps taken. No circulars sent out; only reliable article of the kind. Address, TURKISH HAIR GROWER CO., Box 127, Detroit, Mich.

DR. CATON'S XXX R PILLS
A LEGITIMATE NERVE FOOD, AND STRONGEST INVIGORANT KNOWN. CURE NERVOUS DEBILITY, AND RESTORE LOST VIGOR IN 5 DAYS—HARMLESS, SURE AND PERMANENT. TRY THEM. FREE BY MAIL $1. DR. J. F. CATON BOX 5257, BOSTON, MASS. PARTICULARS 2STPS

FACE, HANDS, FEET, and all other blemishes, including Facial Development, Hair and Scalp, Superfluous Hair, Moles, Warts, Birth Marks, Red Noses, Freckles, Red Nose, Acne, Pimple Heads, Scars, Pitting, Wrinkles, Flesh Worms, etc. Book of 96 pages, 10c. by mail. Dr. Jas. H. Woods, 37 North Pearl St., Albany, N. Y. Established 1870. Mention The Chicago Ledger when writing to Advertisers.

Matrimonial Paper. Sixteen pages. Highly illustrated. Every number contains nearly 200 advertisements of persons of both sexes, who desire correspondence for fun or matrimony. Sample copy, 10c. Address, DRAKE'S BUDGET, Chicago, Ill. Large Photo of Beautiful Unmarried Lady in every order.

NEW OTTO RUBBER TIRE BICYCLES. NO STRONGER BICYCLE MADE. A. W. GUMP & CO., Dayton, Ohio.

| 52 inch, Factory price, | $60.00. | Our price, | $40.00 |
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| 50 " " | 55.00. | " | 35.00 |
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Under Quick, Also 250 second hand wheels. Repairing and Nickeling. Bicycles and Guns taken in trade. Mention The Chicago Ledger when writing to Advertisers.

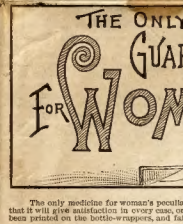
CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL
PRICE ONE DOLLAR. ONLY GENUINE SAFE, RELIABLE. ALWAYS RELIABLE. ENGLISH DIAMOND BRAND. TAKE NO OTHER. Of your Druggist, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return mail. Name Paper. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., PHILADA., PA. 5,000 LADIES WHO HAVE USED THEM.

## HOT SPRINGS AT HOME.

These medicated baths are a safe, speedy and sure cure for rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, paralysis, eczema, and blood disease, skin, and spinal diseases. Office and bath room CABINETS are for sale in your town, and to be shipped in small boxes. Send for circular. Patients from a distance furnished with board and lodging at reasonable rates while under treatment.

Address
DR. O. W. SNYDER,
125 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

## THE ONLY GUARANTEED CURE FOR WOMEN.



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The only medicine for woman's peculiar ailments, sold by druggists, under a **positive guarantee,** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrappers, and faithfully carried out for many years.

## THE OUTGROWTH OF A VAST EXPERIENCE.

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

**A Book To Women.** Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from those who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases when all else had failed, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a perfect specific for woman's peculiar diseases.

**A Powerful Tonic.** As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the various organs concerned in maternity, in particular. It promptly relieves and cures "worse than all other forms of female complaints," whether occasional or habitual.

**A Soothing Nervine.** As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unsurpassed and unequaled, and in allaying and subduing many nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms, chorea, or St. Vitus' dance, and other more distressing nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

**Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine,** carefully compounded by an experienced and skilful physician, and adapted to women's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system.

**A Powerful Uterine Tonic.** In pregnancy, "Favorite Prescription" is a powerful uterine tonic, relieving nausea, weakness of the stomach and other distressing symptoms common to this condition. If this remedy is kept up in the latter months of gestation, it so prepares the system for delivery as to greatly lessen, and many times almost entirely do away with the suffering of that trying ordeal.

**Cures the Worst Cases.** "Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhœa, or "whites," excessive flowing at monthly periods, painful menstruation, ulceration, inflammation, prolapsus or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation, and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

**For the Kidneys.** "Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small Anative doses of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, is a perfect cure for Kidney, Liver and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

## TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from nervous prostration, another from nervous exhaustion, or neuralgia, another with pain here or there, and so on through the list; they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent, or over-busy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, and they return home, when, in reality, they are all only symptoms of one and the same disorder. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, encourages his practice until large bills are made. The suffering patient gives up in despair, and only resorts to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and Golden Medical Discovery, and Pleasant Pellets, after having tried many of the so-called "specialties" for her particular form of suffering, all to no purpose. Then comes the tug of war. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, directed to the cause, would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery.

**3 Physicians Failed.** Mrs. E. F. Morgan, of *No. 71 Lexington St., East Boston, Mass.*, says: "Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from female weakness. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I commenced to doctor myself. I was so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and continuing the local treatment recommended in his "Common Sense Medical Adviser," as commenced to feel like a new person. In three months I was *perfectly cured*, and have had no trouble since. I wrote a letter to my family physician, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one suffering as I had been. He replied, asking me to *please not write for help.* I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have invariably told them what had cured me, and have earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received grateful letters of thanks, stating that they had written and commenced the use of 'Favorite Prescription,' had sent the $1.50 required for 'Medical Adviser,' and had applied the local treatment so fully and plainly laid down therein, and were much better after using."

**A Voice From California.** Mrs. Ed. M. Campbell, of *Oakland, California*, writes: "I had been troubled all my life with suppressed and painful menstruations, or spasms, and periodical recurrences of neuralgia of the womb, and I was getting very much worse instead of better. I had been troubled with leucorrhœa, or 'whites,' for about fifteen years, and had always been subject to bearing-down sensations, and pain in the back and loins. I had also been troubled with a dragging pain in the region of the womb, and had a dreadful sinking feeling at the pit of the stomach. I had been under the treatment of a physician for about two years, but was getting no better. I had also been taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Golden Medical Discovery, and Pleasant Pellets, but had not taken them regularly, and had not given them a fair trial. I had also been using local applications, but had not used them as directed. I had become discouraged, and had about given up in despair, when I received your letter, and concluded to write you. I have been using your 'Favorite Prescription' for about two months, and have used three bottles of it, and also one bottle of 'Discovery' and two vials of 'Pellets.' I have also been using your local applications as directed, and I am happy to say that I am entirely cured. I had been troubled with a bearing-down sensation, and pain in the back and loins, for about fifteen years, and had always been subject to suppressed and painful menstruations, or spasms, and periodical recurrences of neuralgia of the womb, and I was getting very much worse instead of better. I had been troubled with leucorrhœa, or 'whites,' for about fifteen years, and had always been subject to bearing-down sensations, and pain in the back and loins. I had also been troubled with a dragging pain in the region of the womb, and had a dreadful sinking feeling at the pit of the stomach. I had been under the treatment of a physician for about two years, but was getting no better. I had also been taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Golden Medical Discovery, and Pleasant Pellets, but had not taken them regularly, and had not given them a fair trial. I had also been using local applications, but had not used them as directed. I had become discouraged, and had about given up in despair, when I received your letter, and concluded to write you. I have been using your 'Favorite Prescription' for about two months, and have used three bottles of it, and also one bottle of 'Discovery' and two vials of 'Pellets.' I have also been using your local applications as directed, and I am happy to say that I am entirely cured. I had been troubled with a bearing-down sensation, and pain in the back and loins, for about fifteen years, and had always been subject to suppressed and painful menstruations, or spasms, and periodical recurrences of neuralgia of the womb, and I was getting very much worse instead of better. I had been troubled with leucorrhœa, or 'whites,' for about fifteen years, and had always been subject to bearing-down sensations, and pain in the back and loins. I had also been troubled with a dragging pain in the region of the womb, and had a dreadful sinking feeling at the pit of the stomach. I had been under the treatment of a physician for about two years, but was getting no better. I had also been taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Golden Medical Discovery, and Pleasant Pellets, but had not taken them regularly, and had not given them a fair trial. I had also been using local applications, but had not used them as directed. I had become discouraged, and had about given up in despair, when I received your letter, and concluded to write you. I have been using your 'Favorite Prescription' for about two months, and have used three bottles of it, and also one bottle of 'Discovery' and two vials of 'Pellets.' All of the symptoms have disappeared. I do all my own work; am able to be on my feet all day. My friends tell me I never looked so well."

**Well as I Ever Was.** Mrs. John Stewart, of *Chippewa Falls, Wis.*, writes: "I wish to inform you that I am as well as I ever was. I had been troubled with a bad form of female difficulty ever was, for which I thank your medicines. I used three bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' and one bottle of your 'Discovery' and four bottles of the 'Pellets.' All of the bad symptoms have disappeared. I do all my own work; am able to be on my feet all day. My friends tell me I never looked so well."

*Dr. Pierce's Prescription is Sold by Druggists the World Over. Large Bottles $1.00, Six for $5.00.*

Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's large, illustrated Treatise (160 pages, paper covers) on Diseases of Women.

Address, **World's Dispensary Medical Association,** No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Terms { One Year.....$1.50 / Eight Months.....1.00 / Six Months.....50

### FATHER'S CHILD.

My little girl to-night with childish glee,
Although her months had numbered not two score,
Escaped her nurse, and, at my study door,
With tiny fingers rapping, spoke to me:
Though faint her words, I heard them tremblingly
Fall from her lips, as if the darkness bore
Its weight upon her: "Father's child." No more
I waited for, but straightway willingly
I brought the sweet intruder into light
With happy laughter. Even so some night,
When from the nursing earth escaped and free,
My soul shall try, in her first infant flight,
To seek God's chamber, these two words shall be
Those that will make Him one His door to me.
—*R. T. W. Duke, Jr., in Lippincott's.*

## CATHERINE THE GREAT.

On one side of the Winter Palace of Petersburg is the Neva River, so close that one could throw a stone from any of the windows into the water, and on the other side a semi-circle of vast and ugly rococo palaces, surrounding an enormous parade ground, in which fifty thousand troops have been maneuvered and inspected at one time. The palaces are imposing only because of their immensity, there being a dozen or more of them with several hundred rooms each, all built by the Czars at one time or another for themselves or their poor relations, and now occupied by government offices or for the quarters of troops. The city is reached through an enormous arch, similar to the Arc de Triomph in Paris, although

ARCH OF TRIUMPH.

not so large, and surmounted with a bronze chariot and a lot of prancing chargers—a favorite model in all the capitals of Europe.

It was to this parade ground that the great Catherine came from the Winter Palace when she led the revolution against her husband, and sword in hand, straddling her horse like a man, demanded the allegiance and support of the mob.

"I am your Queen," she said. "Whoever obeys me shall be loved as a loyal subject. Whoever refuses shall die like a dog."

Catherine was one of the vainest, most extravagant, most licentious of women, without a doubt. She had forty lo ers with whom she lived as publicly as if the relations had been sanctioned by marriage, had children by seventeen of them as she herself claimed, and founded an order of nobility for the classification of her illegitimate heirs and their posterity, of whom she was very proud. It is said that she built, at the government expense, and gave to her favorites more than a dozen palaces, and distributed among them 92,000,000 rubles of public funds. When one of her paramours died, as was several times the case, she went into mourning for him, and gave a handsome amount of money to the lawful widow, if there were one. She was a mixture of Cleopatra, Lucretia

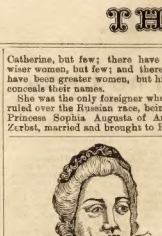
CATHERINE THE GREAT AS A BRIDE.

Borgia, Maria Theresa, Queen Elizabeth, and Mme. Pompadour. If one of her favorites would not provide for his family she would renounce him and send him to prison. If he paid more attention to his own wife than to her, she would treat him in a similar manner.

**The Character of Catherine.**

Full of whims, of good humor, candor, courage, vanity, and ambition; brainy and muscular, she had no general who better understood the science of war, or could lead an army in battle with greater personal courage; nor had she a statesman in her cabinet or a diplomatist in her service who could match her in craft or political wisdom. There was no philosopher in Europe with whom she could not converse on the profoundest questions as an equal, or a wit whose epigrams she could not surpass. In the Kremlin at Moscow is the skin of the horse she rode in battle, stuffed, and carrying the saddle on which she rode astride. Her sword is there—as heavy as a strong man would care to handle—and her revolvers with which she killed a number of enemies and mutinous subjects; her uniforms, of the most gorgeous fabrics, set with priceless jewels; her tent, made of the furs of wild beasts, and her camp bedstead of iron, in which she many a time slept for weeks together in the snows of the steppes, while in the imperial library at Petersburg are her state papers, her poems and satires, with which in hours of peace she used to amuse herself and entertain her court. There have been wickeder women than Catherine, but few; there have been wiser women, but few; and there may have been greater women, but these will conceals their names.

She was the only foreigner who ever ruled over the Russias, being the Princess Sophia Augusta of Anhalt-Zerbst, married and brought to Russia

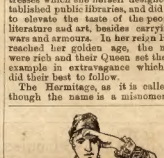


CATHERINE AT 70.

by Peter III., the son of the Empress Elizabeth, and grandson of Peter the Great. He was a poor weakling, whom his wife could not tolerate, so after a honeymoon of eight months, she headed a revolution against her own husband, and had him strangled by two of her favorites, Count Orloff of diamond fame, and Gen. Baratinski. Then, with grim humor, she forced the assassins to walk each side of the coffin that inclosed his remains, and carry the pall. Orloff was perfectly composed during the entire ordeal, but the other man fainted repeatedly and had to be carried away. Catherine sent him into exile for his cowardice, and it was only when he made his confession as death that the manner of the murder of Peter was known. Catherine reigned for fifty-two years, and the epoch in the history of the empire in which she is the chief figure, was the most prosperous it has ever known. She achieved victories over the Turks and Tartars, added many thousand square leagues to the area of her dominions, and did much to improve the condition of the people.

She wrote books of various sorts for children, some of which are still in use, founded hospitals and asylums for misfortunates of all sorts, erected fortresses which she herself designed, established public libraries, and did much to elevate the taste of the people in literature and art, besides carrying on wars and armours. In her reign Russia reached her golden age, the nobles were rich and their Queen set them an example in extravagance which they did their best to follow.

The Hermitage, as it is called, although the name is a misnomer, was

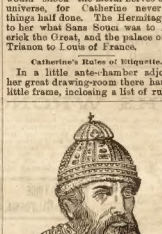


A RUSSIAN COSTUME.

the palace of Catherine, at least it was her favorite place of residence in Petersburg. She had a dozen other palaces scattered about. It adjoins the Winter Palace, being connected with that building by corridors, and is by far the handsomest piece of architecture in the capital except that of the cathedral of St. Isaac. It is one of the few structures of stone, is beautifully carved externally, and internally finished with great extravagance and better taste than most of the Russian palaces. Catherine called it "The Hermitage," for it was here that she used to retire from the cares of state, and give herself up to ease and pleasure. Here she entertained the philosophic men in Europe, poets, philosophers, travelers, and statesmen; gave informal dinner parties and balls; not as an empress, but as a society queen; here she had a little theater in which were given plays of her own composition, acted by the ladies and gentlemen of her court; poets came here to read their verses, artists to show their paintings, and the walls of the beautiful structure could talk, they might tell tales that would astonish the world, for there were roués here, it is whispered, that would shock the moral nerves of the universe, for Catherine never had things half done. The Hermitage was to her what Sans Souci was to Frederick the Great, and the palace of the Trianon to Louis of France.

**Catherine's Rules of Etiquette.**

In a little ante-chamber adjoining her great drawing-room there hangs a little frame, inclosing a list of rules to



MICHAEL ROMANOFF.

be observed by all who enter the Hermitage, written in Catherine's own hand, of which the following is a translation:

1. Leave your rank outside, as well as your hat, and especially your sword.

2. Leave your right of precedence, your pride, and any similar feeling, outside the door.

3. Be gay, but do not spoil anything. Do not break or gnaw anything.

4. Sit, stand, walk, as you will, without reference to anybody.

5. Talk merrily, but not very loud, so as not to make the head of anybody ache.

6. Argue without anger and without excitement.

7. Neither sigh nor yawn, nor make anybody dull or heavy.

8. In all innocent games, in whatever one proposes, let all engage.

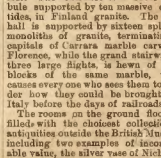
9. Eat whatever is sweet and savory, and drink with moderation, so that each can find his legs on leaving the room.

10. Tell no tales out of school. Whatever goes in at one ear must go out at the other before leaving the room.

Whoever broke one of these rules, on the testimony of two witnesses, had to drink a glass of cold water and read a page of the Telemachide—a much ridiculed Russian poem. Whoever broke three of these rules the same evening had to commit six lines of the book. Whoever broke the tenth rule could never again be admitted to the Hermitage.

**The Treasures of the Hermitage.**

The Hermitage is now the principal museum of Petersburg, what the Louvre is to Paris and the British Museum to London; and if it had been constructed for such a purpose could not better adapted for the display of the treasures of art and antiquity that have been collected by the later sovereigns of Russia around the magnificent nucleus Catherine left in the building. The building itself is a parallelogram 500 by 375 feet, including two large courts which Catherine had arranged so that they could be flooded for skating parks in winter and gardens of luxurious foliage in sum-



ENTRANCE TO THE HERMITAGE.

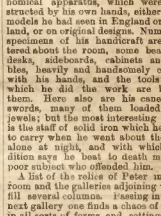
mer. The entrance is a noble vestibule supported by ten massive caryatides, in Finland granite. The main hall is supported by sixteen splendid monoliths of granite, terminating in capitals of Carrara marble carved in Florence, while the grand stairway, in three large flights, is hewn of great blocks of the same marble, which causes every one who sees them to wonder how they could be brought from Italy before the days of railroads.

The rooms on the ground floor are filled with the choicest collection of antiquities outside the British Museum, including two examples of incomparable value, the silver vase of Nichopel, and the golden vase Kertch, both of which, like many other pieces in the collection, are well known to every antiquarian in the world, and have been the subject of no end of scientific discussion. The upper rooms are finished with the most beautiful and costly materials, and are full of pictures. The hideous Siberian malachite appears in every conceivable form, in pillars, mantels, wainscoting, and even floors, while vases, urns, and other ornaments of the stone are without number. There is a lavish use of lapis-lazuli, also, and jasper enough to build a cathedral.

Many of the paintings are very rare, and the collection contains examples of all the famous old masters, each having his room.

**The Relics of Peter.**

One of the longest galleries is devoted to relics of Peter the Great, illustrating the life and industrial ac-



STATUE OF NICHOLAS.

tivity of this remarkable man. Here are the lathes and instruments for carving he used, his carpenter tools, his telescopes, which he made himself, and various mathematical and astronomical apparatus, which were constructed by his own hands, either from models he had seen in England or Holland, or on original designs. Numerous specimens of his handicraft are scattered about the room, some beautiful desks, sideboards, cabinets and tables, heavily and handsomely carved with his hands, and the tools with which he did the work are beside them. Here are his canes and swords, many of them loaded with jewels; but the most interesting of all is the staff of solid iron which he used to carry when he went about the city alone at night, and with which tradition says he killed many a poor subject who offended him.

A list of the relics of Peter in this room and the galleries adjoining would fill several columns. Passing into the next gallery one finds a chaos of gems in all sorts of forms and settings, signifying the luxurious splendor of the Russian courts in the past, ornaments for the persons of the sovereigns and their nobles—snuff-boxes that are worth thousands of dollars, fans that even surpass them in value, a perfect wilderness of diamonds, rubies, emer lds, and precious stones of every sort that the world values, set in various forms for various uses. Most of these were gifts to Peter the Great, Catherine, and other rulers, for although Peter was most abstemious in his personal habits, and never wore any personal decorations, he was quite as fond of receiving presents as Catherine, and many of the first families of Russia impoverished themselves that they might win the favor of the monarchs. The results are here.

The relics of Prince Potemkin, the most famous of Catherine's lovers, and on whom she showered treasures, fill a whole room, and are of enormous million rubles, including many rare and curious articles of adornment, and a volume of bank notes of different nations, bound up as curiosities, representing in themselves a considerable fortune. When Potemkin had exhausted human ingenuity in his gifts to Catherine he gave her this.

**The Assemblage of Coins and Gems.**

In another gallery is the largest and most valuable collection of coins in the world, comprising over two hundred thousand specimens, and containing every piece known to numismatists. Still further on is the largest collection of gems in existence—commenced by Peter the Great, who had a passion for gems, although he never wore them, and increased from time to time by purchases made by his successors. The most conspicuous portion of the collection was purchased from the heirs of the Duke of Orleans, Philippe Egalite, the most renowned collection of jewels in history.

Contiguous to the Hermitage is the barracks of the Regiment of the Transfiguration, a sort of a preterorian guard, of which the Czar is always the colonel, composed of picked men of large stature, who have the privilege of entering the Winter Palace of the Hermitage at any time, and can be summoned by the Emperor by a signal from his private rooms whenever their presence is necessary.

A little to the north of the Hermitage, in the center of the great parade ground I have described, stands one of the "lions" of Petersburg, the largest monolith in the world. It is a column erected in 1832, by the late Czar, in honor of his father, Alexander I., a single shaft of red granite from Finland, which, exclusive of pedestal and capital, rises eighty-four feet. It originally reached to the height of 102 feet, but had to be cut down as the base and diameter were too small to sustain it, and it was in danger of falling. The pedestal is a single block of granite, weighing 400 tons, and highly polished. The capital is made from cannon captured in Alexander's wars with the Turks, and on the summit is an angel of bronze, fourteen feet high, holding aloft a cross that is seven feet in length, but looks like a toy at its height of 155 feet from the ground. The column was quarried in Finland, and brought to Petersburg on sledges one winter, being drawn by several hundred

STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT.

horses. It was raised in its rough state and dressed and polished as it stands. The inscription on the pedestal is simply this:

"TO ALEXANDER I.
Grateful Russia."

There are many other monuments in Petersburg, some of which are very fine, but nothing to be compared with the Alexander column. Peter the Great once stood upon a rock on the shore of the Gulf of Finland and witnessed a victory by his fleet over a superior force of Swedes. This huge block of granite, which weighs 1,500 tons, was afterward brought to Petersburg entire, 500 men and over a thousand horses being employed for two months or more to accomplish the removal. It was placed in a park in front of the Holy Synod, and upon it was placed an equestrian statue of Peter, modeled and cast by a Frenchman, M. Falconet. The Emperor is represented as checking his fiery horse on the edge of the rock, and pointing over the bay to the battle, while under the feet of the charger is an enormous serpent, supposed to be emblematical of the difficulties and dangers he had surmounted. The statue is balanced on the hind legs of the horse and the coils of the serpent, and is considered one of the most re-

THE ALEXANDER COLUMN.

markable pieces of bronze art in existence.

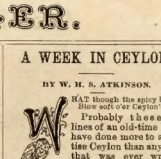
Another fine monument, and rather a curious one, is that of Catherine the Great, which stands in front of the Imperial Theater. It is a handsome bronze figure of heroic size, upon a granite pedestal which is covered with smaller figures representing the most famous of this singular woman's lovers.—*W. E. Curtis, in Chicago News.*

## A WEEK IN CEYLON.

BY W. H. S. ATKINSON.

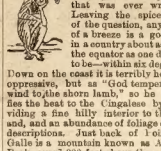
WHAT though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle.

Probably these two lines of an old-time hymn have done more to advertise Ceylon than any book that was ever written. Leaving the spices out of the question, any kind of a breeze is a godsend in a country about as near the equator as one desires to be—within six degrees.



Down on the coast it is terribly hot and oppressive, but as "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," so he modifies the heat to the Cingalese by providing a fine hilly interior to the island, and an abundance of foliage of all descriptions. Just back of Point de Galle is a mountain known as Adam's Peak, over 7,000 feet above the sea.

I found that most of our passengers



ROAD THROUGH THE JUNGLE.

who embarked at Calcutta had left the steamer at Madras, and with the exception of a few deck passengers I found that myself, a lovely gentleman and myself were the only ones going to Australia. Indeed the Limlithgow was nothing but a huge trading steamer, and as she had to make some repairs, as well as take aboard twelve hundred tons of coffee for Australian ports, we had nearly a week in which to make some explorations in Ceylon. First, let me say that the island is one of Great Britain's richest possessions. In traveling over the world one feels, more than by reading, the enormous power and wide-reaching extent of the British Empire.

One leaves the metropolis of that empire, and after five thousand miles of travel, lands mails at St. Helena, where the union jack is floating in the breeze. Another fifteen hundred miles and one lands in Cape Town, where he can journey by the thousand mile eastward and northward—all on British soil. Further east, he finds himself away for weeks to the northeast, at last to find himself in Bombay, only to cross the great Indian Empire, ruled by the tiny island in the north, and find himself in Calcutta, where an English viceroy, with a princely salary of two hundred thousand dollars a year, holds his magnificent court and exercises sway over two hundred and fifty millions of people.

So we go on, and as we land in Madras and in Ceylon we find that red and blue ensign with the St. George's cross floating from the mastheads and from government buildings. So we shall follow it and find it in the places of honor in the great Australian Continent. Verily, I thought, it is a great empire, and the United States were simply hogs to fight about so small (comparatively) a piece of territory as the United States!

But to Ceylon. That island, which is as large as England, has been British property since 1815, when they gave the Dutch notice to quit, and threw the native King of Kandy. The population of Ceylon is less than three million, of whom more than half a million are Hindoos from Southern India, while about two hundred thousand are Mohammedan Moors. These latter comprise the small merchants of the island, such as storekeepers, dealers in gems, etc., the big merchants being Englishmen, with a smart sprinkling of Americans. Speaking of gems, it is from Ceylon we get the "cats-eye," the pearl, and the ruby, and—Jumbos, for it is in Ceylon that the elephant is found in prolific numbers. But it is not its precious stones nor its elephants that form the great wealth of Ceylon; it is coffee, the amount exported in one year—1882—being upward of forty thousand tons. Coffee and spice, notably cinnamon, are what European traders look after in Ceylon.

We had but time to go very far into Ceylon, but we arranged to pay a flying visit to Colombo, the modern capital, and Kandy, the ancient capital, of the island. From Point de Galle we had to make the trip to Colombo, seventy miles, partly by stage-wagon and partly by railroad. We had to start by sunrise, too; but it was a magnificent journey, through scenery I shall never forget—through cinnamon gardens, under thousands of palms to which clung cocoanuts in profusion, past nutmegs and orchids such as could not be enormous care and expense to raise in New York. The road was good, and the teams, consisting of four ponies, were changed frequently, so that we made the railway terminus, a distance of over forty miles, in less than six hours; not a bad pace in a tropical country, where though the mercury did not rise above ninety degrees, the heat is very oppressive on account of the humidity of the climate. The remaining thirty miles, on the railroad, occupied about two hours, and before noon we were in Colombo. Now, it may not be generally known that although until Ohio became a State no town in America was named in honor of Columbus, Colombo, in Ceylon, was so named by the Portuguese in honor of the discoverer of America. It is a pleasant enough place and, except for its tropical surroundings, and verandas on all sides of the houses, is decidedly European in appearance. When I was in Colombo a large amount of work was being done in connection with the harbor, the Government working to do away with the inconvenience of having to do the export and import business of the island across the dalle, seventy miles away from the capital. It believe the large steamers now go to Colombo.

Colombo is the headquarters of the coffee and cocoanut-oil trade. Practically, too, it is the headquarters for the pearl fisheries; for, although the banks are a hundred and fifty miles away, in the Bay of Condatchy, there is no town of any account nearer than Colombo. As we did not have time to visit the pearl fisheries, I could not learn much about them.

We made a trip over to Kandy by the railroad, about eighty miles long. For the first half of the distance the train pierces through a dense tropical forest, causing once in awhile a drove of monkeys. It is a strange sensation, and one of the wonders of the age, to find one's self in a modern railroad train, rushing through vegetation such as one has only been used to see in hot houses and conservatories, while animals are seen in unlimited numbers, such as one has always hitherto associated with zoological gardens and circus parades!

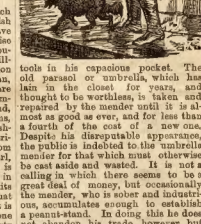
As the train ascended the high ground of the mountains we began to enter the districts where coffee is raised to the best advantage, and where the cocoanut palms grow in profusion and richness. Kandy we found to be an interesting and picturesque town, thoroughly native, with its temples, palaces, and tombs of the Cingalese kings, though there are plenty of European residents. Indeed in the summer months nearly all the English move up to Kandy from Colombo.

We saw several tame elephants being put to various uses as beasts of burden, but our time was too limited to go into the wilder parts of the island, where the elephant roams at his own sweet will. We had to get back to Point de Galle by the same way that we came, and on the sixth day after we set foot in Ceylon the Limlithgow weighed her anchor and it was "Ho! for Sydney!"

I wanted to say that the Cingalese Mohammedans have a tradition that Adam and Eve were banished to Ceylon after their expulsion from the Garden of Eden, and the mountain I have mentioned—Adam's Peak—is named after the original Adam.

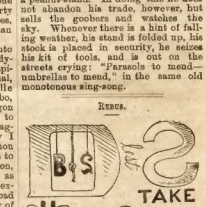
**Umbrella Menders.**

Wherever you go you find the umbrella mender. He is ubiquitous, unique, and peculiar. To-day he is a tramp in the country, to-morrow a peanut vender, and next day is wandering along the streets, crying out, in an unmelodious drawl: "Umbrellas to mend." He is generally ragged and dirty, with a lot of old, dilapidated umbrellas under his arm, and a kit of



tools in his capacious pocket. The old parasol or umbrella, which has lain in the closet for years, and thought to be worthless, is taken and repaired by the mender until it is almost as good as ever, and for less than a fourth of the cost of a new one. Despite his disreputable appearance, the public is indebted to the umbrella mender for that which must otherwise be cast aside and wasted. It is not a calling in which there seems to be a great deal of money, but occasionally the mender, who is sober and industrious, accumulates enough to establish a peanut-stand. In doing this he does not abandon his trade, however, but sells the goodies and watches the sky. Whenever there is a hint of falling weather, his stand is folded up, his trade is placed in security, he seizes his kit of tools, and is out on the streets crying: "Parasols to mend—umbrellas to mend," in the same old monotonous sing-song.

**Rebus.**




Good advice to those who are proud of success.

Answer—Next week.